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WEEK ENDING AUG. 21, 1926

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Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

"BLACKBEARD & CO - PIRATES" *by* STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

also "DROP YOUR DIGNITY" *by* Douglas Fairbanks

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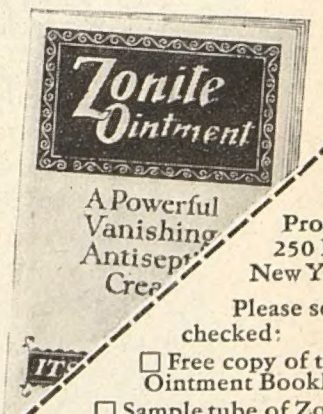

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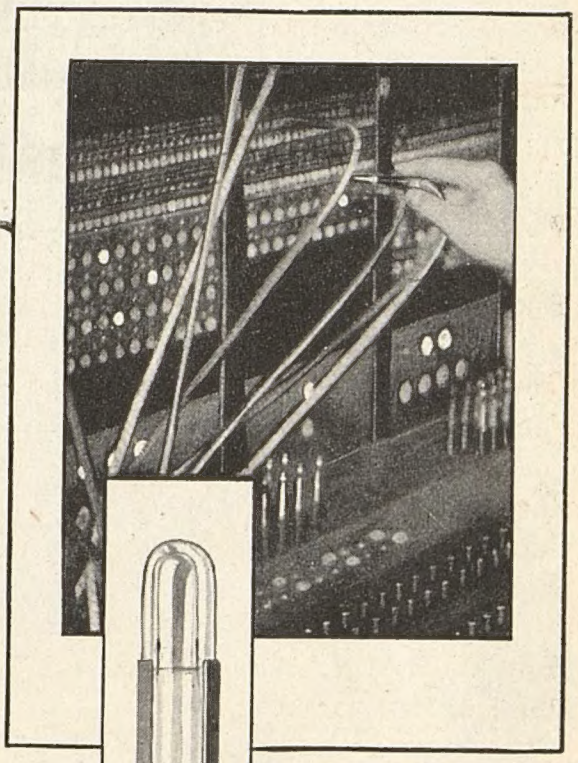

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AUG. 21, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 16

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WAR BIRDS—*An Editorial*

LIBERTY presents to its readers the most fascinating and thrilling human document it has been our good fortune to discover. From the title, War Birds, to the final flaming crash, it breathes the spirit of youth, of adventure, of daring. In it the reader will feel the throb of driven motors, the swift swoops through space, the whine of shell and bullet, the rattle of machine guns. He will catch, from far above, something of the stink and horror of battle, glimpsing millions of men in death grapple below.

There is another side to this story: It is rich in the humor, the romance, the rollicking days of training, always with the grim shadow of death flying under the planes.

It is a tale of the thrills of a thousand years crowded into a few brief months. It is an eye-witness, bird's-eye view of the greatest drama and tragedy of the world's history. No one should miss reading it. Start with this issue.

SHOULD BRIDGE WHIST BE COMPULSORY?—*An Editorial*

Sweden has enacted a law making it compulsory that every boy and girl learn to swim. Such a law, if enforced, would be of great value to the United States—although, to judge from the working of other laws, it might arouse a spirit of resentment that would cause many to hang their clothes on hickory limbs and refuse to go near the water. Whether by process of law or otherwise, every boy and girl should learn to swim.

Sweden's theory is that, if anything is good for the individual and the nation, the law should order each to do that thing. The theory is sound.

It is probable there should be a law to compel every boy and girl to learn to play bridge whist. It would be beneficial to each individual and make for sociability and pleasure.

The person who does not play bridge often finds himself in an awkward position, and more often places his host or hostess in a more awkward position, by confessing he does not play bridge. He either compels the hostess to rearrange tables, or to upset all her plans to devise some way in which to entertain him while the others play.

In our home town, many years ago, fathers taught their boys to play poker, declaring it was a necessity as a means of self-defense. The same may apply to bridge. The man who does not learn the game, and who attempts to play, will find that knowledge of play is self-defense.

It is possible, too, that a law making it compulsory for each boy and girl to learn to dance would be helpful. Certain communities, of course, still oppose dancing; but for others the benefits, socially and from a health standpoint, would be great. Each non-dancing man or woman realizes how alien is the person who does not dance.

Laws compelling all persons to learn to drive cars would be useful to the individual, his family, and his community. A law compelling every man and woman to learn to play golf, or play at golf, would help.

In this gregarious age in the United States, where almost everyone is going somewhere most of the time, and in which we meet one another and mingle with different groups under different circumstances almost every day, these things amount to almost necessary accomplishments that aid materially in human intercourse.

Our young people have a classification into which they put wallflowers, back numbers, and dubs. They call us "pills"—probably meaning we are hard to swallow socially. A pill, in the slang of youth, is one who cannot mix well or contribute anything to the general welfare of the group. Don't be a pill. Better learn to mix and join in this modern saturated solution we call civilization.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Prize-Winners in Game of States

HERE they come at last! The names of the 1450 persons who've won prizes in LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF STATES—our great $25,000 contest. Starting with next week's issue, we shall begin to publish these names. Watch for them! You may be one of the winners.

ELMER DAVIS gives us a great new serial, THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET. It's the story of a girl who decides, suddenly, that she wants to be a wife within twenty-four hours. You'll gasp and thrill as you watch her pursuit of a husband and see her swept into danger, romance, and the shadow of crime. Don't miss this smashing feature.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STARS tells how the shining girls of the screen are picked for fame. ROSALIND SHAFFER wrote it.

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS weaves a surprising tale of a young man who can't afford to be in love. It's called FOR $10,000.

And there's a further installment of WAR BIRDS, that amazing record of flyers living madly as death draws near.

August 21, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 16

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PART *of the toilet of the fastidious woman. "Lysol" is used regularly to promote feminine daintiness. Send for the free booklet on this important quality of "Lysol."*

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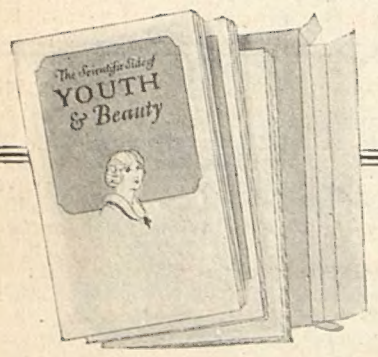

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War Birds

The Uncensored Diary of an American Aviator in France—His Loves and Hates—Gay Parties and Air Fights

(He was killed before he could revise it)

Picture by Frank Hoffman

"If the sky wasn't filled with airplanes all day, you'd never think of war."

Editor's Note: The author of this enthralling document knew he had a rendezvous with death—and he kept it in a flaming sky on an August afternoon in 1918—but not until he had penned this intimate narrative of an air fighter's life. He was a young American, attached to the Royal Flying Corps, who went overseas in September, 1917, as a member of a detachment of 150 aviators. The record of the 150 bears testimony to their gallantry: 41 were killed, 15 wounded, 5 crippled in training, and 11 taken prisoner.

Among those mentioned by the writer are Captain Eddie Rickenbacker (Rick), the American ace of aces; Colonel Bishop (Bish), the British ace of aces, and Captain Elliott W. Springs, a distinguished flying officer. A few names have been changed for reasons that the text makes apparent.

Among the artists who are illustrating this serial is Clayton Knight, who fought as an aviator with the author, and who, like him, was shot down behind the German lines, but who survived, though wounded and taken prisoner.

I WONDER if some of the boys have been going around bragging. No one gives a damn, but I had rather these people would think well of us and feel kindly toward us, for, after all, we are their cousins. The British cadets are as nice as can be and go out of their way to help us when they have the opportunity.

I am going over to the library and read some old books. The last time troops were quartered here was in Oliver Cromwell's time.

We have no commissioned officer here, so we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAR BIRDS
Continued from Page Seven]

do about as we please. Springs is a good hard worker and does the best he can to keep order, but he hasn't the proper authority to back it up. Everybody realizes that if we don't obey him we'll catch hell from somebody else later. But there are a few roughnecks in every outfit that will cause trouble and get the whole bunch in wrong. I've got my eye on one of that sort and the first break he makes is going to be his last. I can't put him in the guardhouse, but I can put him in the hospital.

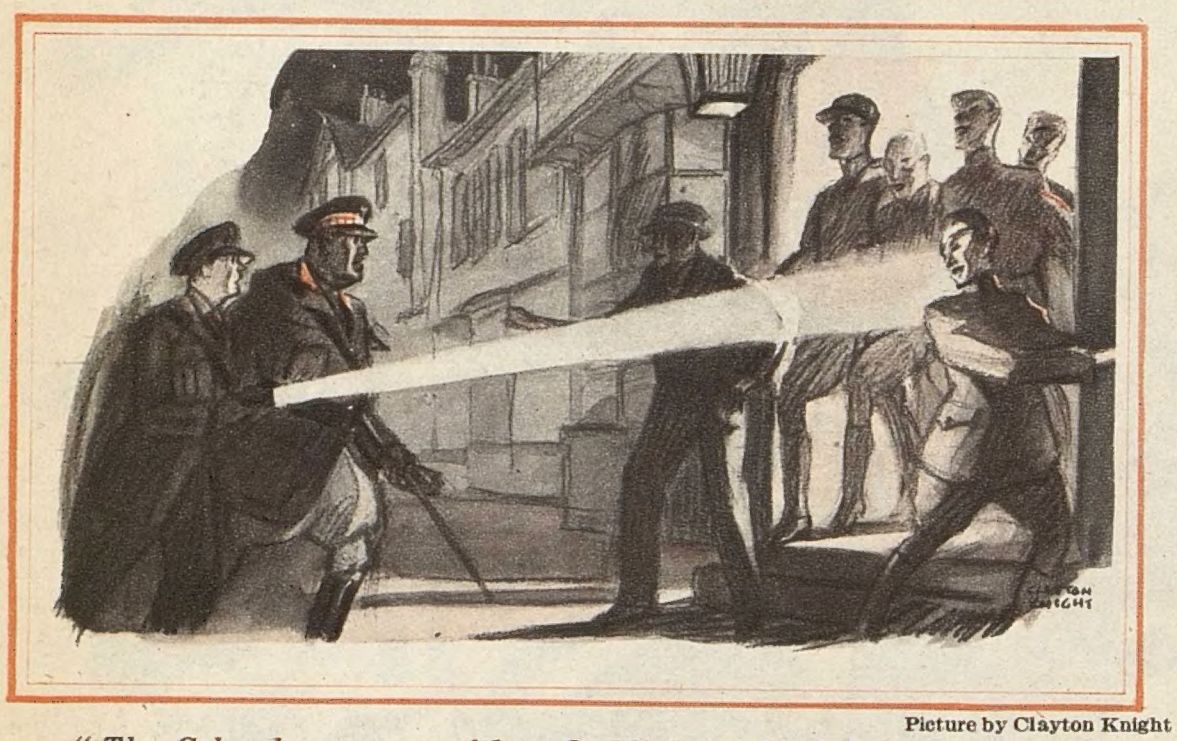
Springs is only a sergeant, so can't legally discipline anyone, and according to the Constitution no officer of a foreign army can discipline an American soldier, so if anything goes wrong they'd have to send to London for an American officer.

Stokes was a lawyer before he took wing, and keeps finding all sorts of trouble. He may have had a law office, but I'll bet he made his living shooting craps. He cleaned out the whole crowd last night.

October 8.

CAL, Stokes, Springs, and I went to supper and a show tonight. Dismal failure. This has been our first day of real work. I believe the course will be easy, as we've had it all once except the Vickers machine gun and rotary motors. Both of those are used extensively by the Royal Flying Corps.

I hear that the Germans have the goods in airplanes and A. A. [anti-aircraft] guns. I guess it's the North and South over again. Of course, no one doubts our winning out in the end; but it will be a long, hard fight, and few of us will be left to enjoy the fruits of our victory.



Picture by Clayton Knight

"The Colonel came up with a flashlight and tried to stop them."

I sure am lucky not to be in the trenches. Some, in fact most, of the cadets have been out, and they say it's hell. "Only we young chaps can stand it," they say. Most of these English cadets are kids and the instructors themselves wouldn't average over twenty-two.

Our machine-gun instructor has a bullet hole through the flap of his ear. He says he's going to get one in the other one, so he can wear earrings.

Kelly and his squad arrived today with our baggage. They look like they had a good time, all right. Bird was telling some story about their driving a coach until Kelly fell through the top of it.

The only thing that confuses us is this English alphabet. Instead of saying: A, Bee, Cee, Dee, they have a different way of designating the letters. They say: Ak, Beer, Cee, Don, E, F, G, Haiches, I, J, K, Ella, Emma, N, O, Pip, Q, R, Esses, Toc, U, Vic, W, X, Y, Zed. And as they call everything by initials, it's very confusing.

They also drive on the left-hand side of the street. If there was any traffic we'd all be run over.

"STOKES came to the dance illuminated and did an Indian war dance in the middle of the floor."

Picture by C. G. Taffs

October 16.

I am neglecting this important volume lately, I am afraid. The last few days have been crowded with events. A regular army West Point Major came from Paris to look us over Sunday, and strafed hell out of us in front of the British Colonel and his staff.

Besides the 150 of us, there are sixty more American cadets over at Queen's College that came here two weeks before we did. They have a sergeant named Oliver in charge of them. He is a son of Senator Oliver and is only five feet high. When he marches along beside the first squad it's an awfully funny sight, because none of them is less than six feet. All the Englishmen like him and cheer every time they see him marching the detachment around.

This Major had a parade of both outfits and inspected us, and then got us in the mess hall and pitched into us as if we were convicts. He said he had heard that we were grousing because we had to go to Ground School again and hadn't got our commission.

He said, if any of us didn't like it, he would send us over to France and send us up to the trenches as privates. He said he could do what he pleased to us in time of war, and would. He said he had heard that there was some objection to having the Colonel discipline us, but that we were going to take it and going to like it.

He said he'd asked the Colonel, as a special favor to him, to give us all the discipline that his own cadets got. He certainly did despise us in public with a loud voice.

He didn't like our uniforms. He said they were all right at home, but they wouldn't do over here, where everybody has to be smart. So we've got to buy tailor-made uniforms and pay for them ourselves. If we haven't got money enough, we've got to borrow it, and any man who refuses to buy one of these special uniforms is to be sent to France for discipline.

SPRINGS has a big letter of credit and has offered to lend it to us as far as it will go. And we've got to wear these funny little monkey hats and R. F. C. belts. Our detachment will be the funniest thing when they blossom forth in their bastard British-American get-up. Springs was the first to adopt the monkey hat, and we all nearly died laughing when he showed up.

Our belts were issued today and they look awfully funny with these short blouses. We don't like the idea of adopting the British uniform and looking as much like Englishmen

as possible. But that's what that Major was after. We will sure look funny as the devil, as every man has designed his own uniform and picked different material and colors.

These tailors ought to give that Major a commission. I hope some day I meet him again. He's one man that ought to have his face shoved down his throat. If we ever meet as equals I'm going to break my resolve about keeping my temper. He'll always retain possession of my goat, and, as an American, I'm as ashamed of him as he was of us. I'll bet he never does any fighting! He got high-toned by the Colonel and lost his head, and indulged himself in an orgy of bootlicking. That was the reason for the whole thing.

If he wants us to look like officers, why doesn't he get us our commissions? They were promised to us. If we have to obey army rules and regulations, why doesn't he? How can he make enlisted men buy their own uniforms? By calling us cadets. The cadets are the mulattoes of the army. They get the privileges of neither enlisted men nor officers and get all the trouble coming to both.

October 19.

A BRITISH Major with the D. S. O. and the M. C. talked to us the other day. He said, as I remember it:

"You men are starting on a long trip. It's a hard trip and will require a lot of courage. You'll all be frightened many times, but most of you will be able to conquer your fear and carry on.

"But if you find that fear has got the best of you and you can't stick it and you are beyond bucking up, don't go on and cause the death of brave men through your failure. Quit where you are and try something else. Courage is needed above all else. If five of you meet five Huns and one of you is yellow and doesn't do his part and lets the others down, the four others will be killed through the failure of the one, and maybe that one himself.

"This individual hero stuff is all tommy-rot. It's devotion to duty and concerted effort and disciplined teamwork that will win the war.

"War is cruel, war is senseless, and war is a plague; but we've got to win it, and there's no better use for your life than to give it to help stop this eternal slaughter.

"It's a war of men—strong, determined men—and weaklings have no part in it."

He looked just like he talked.

None of the men I've talked to curse the Hun particularly. So far, I've met no eye-witnesses of atrocities.

I hope I can stick it through. I know I'm not afraid to die. I'm pretty young to be ready for it and I'm not. And after going to all this trouble to help make history, I want to live a little while to be able to tell about it. If we make the world safe for democracy, as some salesman remarked, brandishing a Liberty Bond in one hand and a flag in the other, what price salvation if we are not here to be democratic?

I CAN'T imagine a man with a lot of rank and a lot of medals and a lot of dog getting through the eye of a needle any easier than a camel. I'll have to consult Springs on the matter. He was an honor man in philosophy at college, and is the authority on heaven, hell, and hard licker.

I was talking to a little English cadet who had on an old battered Sam Browne and I asked him was he trying to look like a veteran. He smiled and said, "My brother wore it two years. He was killed by Richthofen."

The little English cadet who wore the uniform his brother was killed in.

There seem to be a lot of them after that bird. Wonder how long before somebody sneaks up behind him and drops him? It will take a good man, from all I've heard. There's no price on his head but I'll bet the fellow who gets him gets a lot of decorations.

Kelly and Bird got started again. We were all over in the R. F. C. Club, doing a little quiet drinking—Cal, Stokes, Jake, and myself.

Kelly and Bird came in with a good start. Bird said he couldn't enjoy his drinking unless he had Springs to watch him and tell him when he had enough. Kelly said that in that case the best thing to do was to send for Springs.

They wanted to know where he was, so we told them he was over in the room, writing some letters. They found some one who was going back to the college, and sent word to him to come right over or Bird would start

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Royal Flying Corps at Christ Church, Oxford. Scattered throughout the picture are many of the Americans mentioned in this diary.

[WAR BIRDS Continued from Page Nine]

giving the cowboy yell and keep it up until he got there.

By the time Springs got there they were well oiled. They are both six feet two and would rather fight than eat. I had visions of them both being sent to Leavenworth in chains. They nearly killed Springs with an affectionate greeting and he had to do some fast thinking. Bird said he supposed he was going to be put on the wagon for another week and he wanted his portrait painted doing it.

Springs ordered a round of double brandies. Then Kelly, who always has to pay for more than anybody else, ordered triple whiskies. Then Bird called for some port and they started a round again. It was a good battle while it lasted. We had to put Springs in a cold tub before he could call the roll for dinner, and Kelly and Bird never raised their voices again until the next morning. They are on the wagon all right, and it didn't require any orders, either.

We met a boy from Chicago tonight who is an officer in the French army. He came over from France to see his brother, Paul Winslow, who's over at Queen's College with the first outfit. He says the Hun has the supremacy of the air on the French front without a doubt. It seems that we will be the goats, as France has about shot her wad.

He says we are lucky to be here, as all the cadets in France are having a terrible time. They haven't done any flying, but live in tents and do manual labor. They help build the flying-fields and have to do the same work as the German prisoners and get the same food. Their letters are censored and they aren't allowed to write home how they are being treated. They had a German spy in command of them for a while. He says he expects to hear of a mutiny any time.

October 22.

WE have moved to Exeter College. And why? Thereby hangs a tale. Bim Oliver and his crew had finished their course and made the highest marks on record in the examinations. So the officer in charge of Queen's gave them all passes Saturday night to go out to dinner and celebrate.

That was also Jake Stanley's birthday, and he gave a party at Buol's that night to celebrate it. It was a right good party. He had a private room on the third floor and there were present Cal, Springs, Stokes, Paul Winslow and his brother Alan, Hash Gile, Dud Mudge, an English staff officer, and myself. Dwyer and a bunch of others came in later.

Everybody was all teed up before they got there, and then we had cocktails and champagne, and then each man got a half-gallon pitcher of ale. We sang that old song and made everybody do bottoms up by turn.

Jake had a cake and he kept announcing that he was going to "tut the twake." When he did finally cut it, Hash Gile insisted on helping Springs to eat it, and got most of it in his ears and down his neck. I never laughed so much in my life.

WHEN the party broke up and we were all getting out, the English officer and the French officer were assisting each other home. The Colonel came up with a flashlight and tried to stop a bunch of them. The English officer gave the Colonel a push and ran, and the Colonel made a flying tackle at him, but missed and grabbed Winslow.

The Colonel insisted on knowing who it was that ran, and when Winslow refused to tell him he went down to Queen's and ordered a formation of all of Bim's detachment.

They say it was the greatest sight that Oxford ever witnessed—sixty American soldiers in all sorts of costumes, in all stages of drunkenness, trying to get into line and stay there, in a dark and ancient courtyard hallowed by the scholars of the ages, with a British Colonel dashing about with a flashlight and bellowing like a bull at each man as he came in: "Are you the man that pushed me and ran?"

The first sergeant who tried to call the roll passed out cold in the middle of it and had to be carried off. The second one got the British and American commands mixed up and was led away babbling something that sounded like a cavalry drill. The Colonel tried to question them, but all one man would say was, "I wasn't on the third floor, I was on the second floor." No matter what the Colonel asked him, that was all he would say.

Another one asked the Colonel, "What do you mean run, sir? How fast is a run?"

Finally the Colonel had to give it up; but he made the French officer leave the college, and he wants to make a complaint to the French Ambassador. It certainly was an international mess.

Bim and his crew left the next day to go to Stamford to learn to fly, and the Colonel moved us over here to Exeter, where we can't corrupt any of his cadets, and has turned the place over to us. We have the whole college to ourselves. There are a million rumors flying around about what is going to happen to us. The Colonel sent over one of his staff officers to help Springs. And whom did he send but the very same officer that pushed him and ran! You can't laugh that off. He and big Shoemaker, who used to drive a dog team in Alaska, are great friends and I foresee trouble.

Ten of us went to a dance Saturday night at Miss Cannon's. She's a real English girl and wears a monocle. I'm going riding with her Wednesday afternoon. Oxford isn't such a bad place, after all. Stokes came to the dance illuminated and did an Indian war dance in the middle of the floor. He nearly passed away next day over the kidding he got.

We have a way of getting in late at night by climbing over a high wall with the assistance of a limb of a tree that hangs over from the inside. Fulford and I were coming in by that route and we heard a plaintive call for help. It was Brownie and he had tried to get over at the wrong place and had got hung by the seat of his trousers on a nail. We had a time getting him down and putting him to bed.

We brought four boiled lobsters back with us and a couple of bottles of port. We woke Springs up and he was as mad as hell. He said if the rest of the crowd got on to the fact that he was letting us come in when we pleased he wouldn't be able to control anybody. We told him that everybody was out anyway and to go back to sleep and forget it. So we ate the lobsters and drank the port ourselves. About that time Kelly and Bird came in with Captain Swan. He had come up from London to pay us off, and they had run into him and brought him on over the wall with them. He told us some funny stories of the Philippines.

Kelly and Bird were all lit up and had a bottle of whisky which they had brought to Springs. He wouldn't take it, so they drank it themselves with Captain Swan.

We finished the lobsters and put the shells in a big bucket outside the door. Bird saw it and decided it was a football and took a terrific kick at it and scattered it all over the courtyard outside. Springs got up steaming like a scalded hog and told Bird that he had to get a flashlight and go out and pick up every piece or he'd have to put him under arrest in the morning for it. Bird thought it was a joke at first, but Springs made him do it.

It sure was a funny sight, that big cowboy out in the court with a flashlight, down on his knees looking for lobster claws. We all went out and helped him.

Sunday morning we were all just as sick as we could be from that lobster. Cal, Stokes, and I couldn't get out of bed and couldn't get to drill. Springs was raging. Along about noon we got up and managed to stagger in to lunch. Then Springs informed us that we were under arrest and couldn't leave the college.

And the damn fool made us stay in all the afternoon and evening, too. He said if we were too sick to drill we were too sick to go out and get drunk again. I'll get even with him.

He says he is going to demote all three of us. He's just mad because he's missing all the fun. Kelly and Bird go out every night and take off their white hatbands and say that they are mechanics from this squadron outside of town.

They throw a big party, and then come in and wake Springs up to tell him about it, because they say they don't want to do anything behind his back that they wouldn't tell him about to his face. Some morning this detachment is going to wake up and find it hasn't got any sergeants.

We had a boxing tournament last week. Springs and I went in and won our first bouts, but got knocked out in the second round. Pudrith and Jake Stanley each won in their classes and got a trip to London over the week-end as prizes.

October 24.

WE had mail from home today, which seemed to sadden the boys more than cheer them up. It sort of made us realize how far away we are. Springs certainly had a funny collection. He ought to save them for publication some day when people get their sense of humor back.

November 6.

Harroby Camp, Grantham, Lincolnshire.

I wish I could have stayed at Oxford for the horseback ride with Miss Cannon, but we were all suddenly sent up here to Grantham to the machine-gun school.

All except Springs and twenty who have gone to Stamford to learn to fly. Springs had to pick the twenty, and naturally everyone wanted to go. He picked those who'd done the most flying already. He took only those who were ready to go solo, and Deetjen, Garver, and Dietz because they have done a lot of hard clerical work for the detachment. I couldn't see why he wouldn't take Cal and me, and I told him so.

What's the use of having friends if you don't stick by them and do things for them? And what's the use of having authority if you can't use it to help your friends?

I'm a Jackson Democrat and I believe the victim is entitled to what is spoiled. And when I fight, I fight to win. I don't want to know anything about the Marquis of Queensberry's ideas. When I fight I only hit a man once, and the first thing he knows about it is when he reads it in the papers. And when I swing, somebody gets 199 of my 200 pounds where he least expects it.

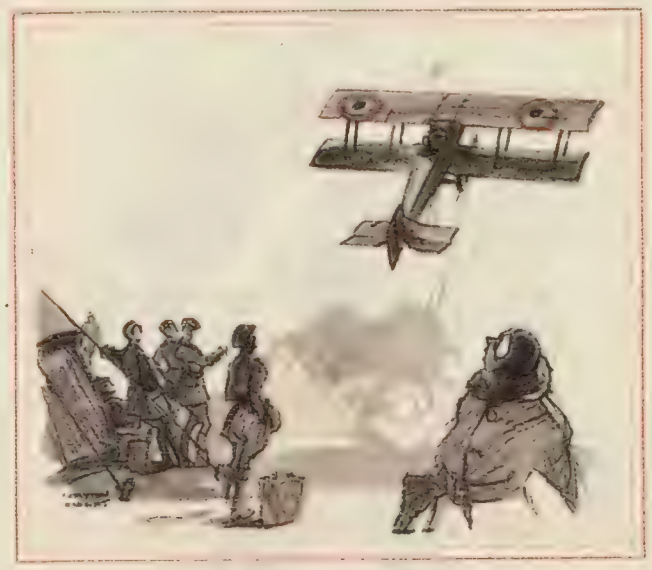
Mit wanted to go to Stamford and he kicked up an awful row. He claims that he is a friend of General Wood's, and he wanted to call up the American Ambassador when Springs wouldn't let him go. He stood out in the court and cussed for half an hour because he said there was a conspiracy against him.

Finally I went over and told him that he was about to be crowned and that if there was any partiality in it I would be going to Stamford myself. He says he's going to spend the rest of his life getting even with Springs. We all chipped in to buy Springs a parting gift. We couldn't see wasting seventy-five dollars on a cup that he couldn't use, so we bought him a big flask.

WE had to leave Jim Stokes behind. He was operated on for appendicitis the day we left. He got through it all right.

We were met at the station here by a band and escorted to our barracks. The English rank us as officers now and we don't have to salute anything under majors. Some of us are rather embarrassed because we are treated as officers when we really aren't, though it isn't our fault. We just aren't nephews of the right people in Washington. Mit is in his glory. He has blossomed out in boots and swaggers about in the bottom half of a Sam Browne belt and cusses his batman. We have a regular servant who cleans our hut and shines our shoes. We have our own mess—a regular officers' mess. The classes are terribly boring and take all the daylight hours, but we do as we please in the evening and don't have to be in until 12 o'clock.

Cal, Schlotzhauer, Leach, and I went over to Nottingham Sunday and had supper. Believe me, it is some town. There have never been any troops quartered in Nottingham, and there are no camps near it, and all the men have been gone for three years. I never knew there was such a place. The women clustered around us all the time and talked to us as if we were a new species.



"'Most of you will be able to conquer your fear and carry on.'"

Stillman is in charge now and I am a platoon commander still. When Springs was trying to decide whom to appoint in his place, everyone wanted Bird as top sergeant. Springs likes Bird, and isn't so particularly keen about Stillman; but he said he was afraid of Bird, so he put Stillman in as top and made Bird second in command. I guess it's just as well. Somebody has got to hold this crowd down, and Bird has been in too much devilment already to be effective on his own responsibility. Stillman is a fine fellow and certainly looks the part. He's away above six feet and weighs over 200. He used to play end on the Yale football team.

I miss Kelly and Springs and Jim. This is the first split and I guess there will be many more.

November 7.

We have Raftery in our hut. He is going to bed now, putting his money belt on over his pajamas and wearing a knitted helmet. He's the funniest thing I ever saw.

I heard that Jim is getting on all right.

November 8.

I got four letters from home today and they seem to have traveled a little bit further than the others. Poor old Pat Hayden hasn't had even a postal since he left the States. His eyes are inflamed and he doesn't go to classes, but sits in here all day and gossips with Fry and our batman. He laughs at everything anyone says, no matter how stale it is. I just found out today that he is just twenty.

Cal, Herbert, Fulford, and Fry are sitting around the table now, writing home. Everyone is fed up. I don't see how we are going to stand three more weeks of this. Aren't we ever going to fly? There was some talk of making ground officers of some of us. Some of the married men decided they wanted to be ground officers, but nobody else would consent. An English General made us a talk and said that this war was no great adventure—you were either scared to death or bored to death all the time.

This camp is sort of a pretty place. When I look down at Grantham, nestling between these pretty checkered hills with the sky all colored up by the setting sun and the clouds so low you can hang your hat on them, it kind of gets up in my neck and I think this old world is a damn fine place to live in.

The hill on the other side of town we see from here is checkered up with little fields, every one a different color, and it's very pretty. If the sky wasn't filled with airplanes all day, you'd never think of war. I hope I never see another machine-gun. I came over here to fight—not to sit around and talk about it forever.

November 9.

LORD, I have the blues, the worried blues! Anderson was in here, playing his steel guitar. How that boy can play!

Two of the English instructors were going over to call on two girls that they hadn't been making much progress with. So they took Andy along and put him in the next room and made him play soft Hawaiian music all the evening to keep the girls in a proper frame of mind.

November 13.

Well, the old man is himself again. Jack Fulford, Cal, Morrison, Leach, and I went to Nottingham over the week-end. We drank like gentlemen and I don't feel bad this morning.

Springs flew up from Stamford to see us while we were away.

Last night was guest night in our mess and we had all the English staff over. These Englishmen sure have a funny idea of a party. They want to smash everything.

November 18.

Cal and I went down to Stamford to spend the day, and nearly died laughing. There was a sort of strafe going on that day. They had a new C. O. and he was an ex-Guards' officer and had a grudge against the Huns. There were a lot of young English kids that had been there some time swinging the lead, and he sent for them all and lined them up.

He told them that there was a war on, and that pilots were needed badly at the front, and that they were all going solo that afternoon. Some of them had had less than two hours of air work.

Learning to fly at last. Next week the author describes the British methods of instructing cadet aviators. The death rate among pilots in training rose to an appalling figure. Here, too, he gives you a hint of how the American flyers felt about the swivel-chair strategists in Washington. Be sure to read these amazing revelations in next week's LIBERTY.

BLACKBEARD

Romance Stages a Rush-Hour Holdup on Riverside Drive

A Short Story by

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

YOUNG Miss Meadows awoke one sunny morning in early April to discover that she was tired.

She was tired of her room, she was tired of the shape of her nose—worse than that, she was already tired of her new spring hat. She was tired of her job at Carbon & Copy's, Advertising Specialists. She was tired of her age, which was twenty-two; of her first name, which was Belinda. She was tired of all young men; of bacon for breakfast; and of getting dressed; and of the way Mr. Carbon's nose wiggled, bunnywise, when he dictated his letters. Take it all in all, she was very tired indeed!

"Perhaps if I had a baby," she reflected ingenuously, brushing her blonde hair savagely before her mirror, "life might be a little less tiresome. But then I'd have to be married, I suppose. And I'm sure if I'd been married long enough to have a baby I'd be terribly tired of that.

"Unless I could marry a pirate. But there aren't any pirates any more, except rum runners—and they're just as much business men as Mr. Carbon, only less shaved.

"If something would only happen—something desperate!"

No sooner had she slipped into the crowded subway car and turned upon her fellow passengers the unconsciously beseeching eyes of a wounded fawn than a corpulent derbied gentleman arose gallantly and offered her a seat. She slipped into it with a little growl, hardly bothering to thank him.

"It's just because I look young and pink," she thought scornfully to herself. "If I were a fat old lady with flat feet and a million bundles, he'd have let me stand till I fainted. Men are beasts—every one of them—only——"

She devoted herself to a judicial consideration of Men:

Young men who smoked cheap cigarettes and dreamed of little rows of houses in Westchester, each one supplied with a breakfast-nook, an electric refrigerator, and a standardized wife. The glowering young man who was always trying to sell Mr. Carbon space in the McWhistle Publications. The boy back in Kiowa Falls.

All the men one really wanted were either dead or imaginary or unobtainable. She wouldn't—she simply wouldn't—settle down in an overstuffed apartment on West End Avenue with somebody like Mr. Carbon, even supposing she had the chance. She wouldn't—of course she wouldn't!—embark with any glowering young man upon a keep-your-job-after-you're-married-and-hope-to-God-he-gets-a-raise-before-you-do existence. And, naturally, she wouldn't go back to Kiowa Falls. So what was she going to do?

She wanted—she admitted it frankly—to meet a Desperate Character—and, so far, she had met only men.

JOHNNY THE GYP, picking Belinda up bodily in his arms, descended an exceedingly slippery flight of steps.

Now Belinda was entering the portal of the enormous building where Messrs. Carbon and Copy had their offices.

In the elevator Belinda nodded to a little gray fusty man who wore an old-fashioned stock and old-fashioned spring-side shoes.

He returned the nod politely.

The little gray fusty man was none other

and Co.--Pirates

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

than Edwin Whippet, the eccentric, widowed millionaire, whose offices occupied two floors below Carbon & Copy's, and whose predilection for coming to and going from his business by the public bus instead of in any private limousine was a constant subject for newspaper comment.

Belinda pictured herself for a moment, with a certain fascinated horror, as the mistress of his famous turreted mansion near the north end of the Drive. Then the elevator stopped at her floor. She walked wearily into the office. Perhaps Mr. Carbon would be crabbed today—or Mr. Copy censorious. Any friction, even the slightest, would be a welcome relief.

BUT Mr. Copy wore a carnation in his buttonhole; Mr. Carbon a continual if slightly meaningless smile. When she took dictation from him, the smile was more pronounced than ever.

"Ah, Miss Meadows—beautiful morning, isn't it? Makes one feel like a boy again—h'm," he asserted, in the midst of a letter.

Belinda smiled dutifully and poised her pencil invitingly. "'We are glad to say——'"

"'Glad to say'—yes—'that our experience in the past with similar sales resistance has been—'" Mr. Carbon broke off and stared fixedly at Belinda's burnished hair. "'Has been'—I think I'll go to the ball game this afternoon, Miss Meadows. Are you interested in our national sport, by any chance?"

"No," said Belinda.

"Ah, no; of course not," said Mr. Carbon, with a romantic sigh. "A home girl." His eyes grew dewy. "A home is a wonderful thing, Miss Meadows." He sighed. "I have never had a home—a real home—since my dear old mother died—though now," he continued briskly, "I could offer any young woman of a home-loving disposition a very excellent——"

The telephone rang. Belinda hurriedly gathered up her pencils and notebook and escaped, nearly bumping into the glowering young man who sold space for the McWhistle Publications.

"Hello!" he said, glaring at her as if she were his bitterest enemy.

"How do you do?" she responded, with happy insolence in her voice, feeling a definite tonic thrill in the fact that he, at least, was as cross-grained as ever.

But when he came out she saw, with pain and disappointment, that he was not glowering, but beaming.

"I could knock the Woolworth Building for a row of iron gargoyles," he said, without preface. "What's come over old man Carbon? He took three back pages in color for United Doll Carriages and never batted an eye. Whee—wait till they hear about me down at McWhistle's! How about a little feast of celebration?"

"Are you asking me to dinner again?" said Belinda feebly.

"Again. Once more. Tomorrow. I'd make it tonight," he went on apologetically, "but I've got a—a——"

"I'm sure I wouldn't spoil your date for *this* evening under any circumstances," said Belinda, with savage politeness. "And I'm sure she'd be very pleased to go to dinner with you tomorrow as well. I shan't."

"Lies the wind in yon quarter, fair siren? Well—how about the end of the week?"

"The end of the week," said Belinda firmly, "is—taken."

"Oh, very well," said the glowering young man impenitently. "We might as well make it tomorrow, then. I'll call for you at seven. Wear your new hat—I like it." And he was out of the office before Belinda could reply.

During the rest of the morning Belinda seethed. It wasn't that she disliked the glowering young man. But she wasn't going to be bullied—except by a Desperate Character.

When she finally departed for the day, and stood on the street corner outside, trying to decide how best to get back to her room, a bus swung to a stop beside her.

"Permit me, young lady," said a small, imperious voice in her ear—and a hand was assisting her aboard before she had made up her mind whether to take the bus or not.

She turned around, half-irritatedly, to thank the person who had helped her on.

It was gray little Mr. Whippet, the bus-riding millionaire. He disappeared in the interior of the bus, with a shy smile in her direction. She climbed to the top deck.

"Fares, please," said a voice presently.

SHE extracted a dime and inserted it in the fare-collector without looking up.

She was glad, after all, that she had taken this bus—it seemed to make unusually few stops. Now it was turning off the Avenue. A detour, probably—they were always tearing up streets.

She heard bells ringing—several people were getting off. Finally the conductor came up.

She gave him a casual glance. How odd! He was bearded—and bearded as few dare to be in this clean-shaven age; in fact, his face, as far as she could make it out in the twilight, was all whiskers and eyes.

"This goes up the Drive, doesn't it, Mr.—Mr."—she glanced at the little metal tag on his uniform—"Mr. Blackbird!"

"Mr. Blackbeard," corrected the hirsute conductor calmly. "Yes, miss; this bus goes up the Drive—it's a new express service—Number 44."

He went downstairs. She relapsed into her daydream. Blackbeard—what a name! There had been a pirate named Blackbeard. But there were no pirates now.

There, they were back on the Drive again. So everything was all right.

But this was a curious bus, nevertheless. At several corners she saw people step out, start to signal, then step back to the curb as the bus roared by.

She was alone on the top of the bus now, and the rushing air was cool.

She got ready to signal for her stop; then, her hand upon the button, paused. That was a funny sound from below: an angry voice, cut off suddenly as if by a restraining hand—a voice like Mr. Whippet's.

She rang the bell and got up, delayed an instant by the dropping of her handbag. But the bus, instead of slowing down for her street, seemed to gather speed. Her street flashed by. She rang the bell again—a long, irritated peal. The bearded bus conductor appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Didn't you hear me? I want to get off—I've rung the bell twice!" she said.

"Sorry, miss," said the bus conductor quietly. "We don't make any more stops till the end of the line."

She stared at him incredulously. "What perfect nonsense! Of course you'll stop—you'll have to—I want to get off!"

"Sorry, miss," said the strange bearded creature again. "This is a very special bus and—no, I wouldn't scream if I were you——"

Something bright and ominous appeared suddenly in his free hand.

Belinda felt her knees give way beneath her. She sank into a seat, staring at the bright,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BLACKBEARD AND CO.—PIRATES
Continued from Page Thirteen]

ominous object with awe-stricken eyes. It wasn't like any pistol she'd ever seen, but she knew it was a pistol.

A headline flashed before her eyes—"Kidnapers Strike Again!" That was it! She was being kidnaped—kidnaped for ransom, like that poor little boy in the picture. Only, why would any sensible band of kidnapers kidnap her?

The answer came in a flash. Little gray Mr. Whippet—below. They weren't kidnaping her—they were kidnaping him—or murdering him. Her throat was suddenly very dry and tiny. She shuddered, picturing the fusty, familiar little figure sprawled out unconscious over a seat.

"Oh, he's all right," said the sinister bus conductor, as if in answer to her unspoken thought. "Quiet as a lamb—and quite resigned."

The Desperate Character actually seemed to chuckle—an evil chuckle.

"But—but—what are you going to do with *me?*" gasped Belinda.

The bus conductor sat down beside her.

"WELL," he said thoughtfully, "you'll have to come with us, I guess. No other way out of it. Of course, we might tie you up and leave you somewhere, but"—he shook his head—"it's taking too much of a chance. We'll try to make you as—comfortable—as circumstances permit."

"Comfortable!" said Belinda bitterly.

"Well, it won't be the Ritz!" admitted the Desperate Character, with a low, menacing rumble of laughter. "But—we're desperate men, miss—remember that. That man below is worth a million dollars to me. And this"—he tapped his shiny weapon—"has a peach of a silencer."

"But—but," stammered Belinda, "you can't think you're actually going to get away with this horrid kidnaping?"

"Uh-huh."

"But—you'll be pirates!"

"Just so." He tapped his nameplate. "Blackbeard & Company—Pirates. Not bad, huh? Thought it up myself. In the old days, you hired a lugger and went pirating on the Spanish Main. Well, we hire a bus and go pirating on land—and who'd ever suspect a bus of being a pirate?"

"But the policemen—the other people on the bus——"

"Cops won't bother us—they'll just see a bus like any other bus. As for the other people—most of 'em were part of our gang. The only real passengers left on the bus are Mr. Whippet and yourself—and, by the way," he added, peering out into the darkness, "we've nearly finished the first part of our trip now."

He jingled the bell. The bus slowed down, curved around a corner in a wide swoop, and stopped. Belinda gave a hasty glance at her surroundings—they had stopped on the river side of the Drive.

"Now," warned the pirate bus man, "you'll go down those stairs—and I'll be right behind you. And if you scream or try to signal to anybody——"

"I won't," said Belinda in a very mouselike voice.

The next few minutes were a strange, unhappy blur to her. As she came down the stairs, her hand was firmly grasped by a fresh-faced young man in the uniform of a bus inspector. Then she was being hurried down a deserted winding path, between the fresh-faced young man and the terrible Mr. Blackbeard—a path that led to a wharf.

SHE threw a glance back over her shoulder—Mr. Whippet was being similarly assisted along by a goggled creature who must be the chauffeur of the fake bus. and a strapping

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SHE devoted herself to a judicial consideration of Men.

burly youth in whom she recognized one of the passengers.

Then Mr. Blackbeard was unlocking the gates of the wharf at the foot of the path and motioning her to enter. A launch, its motor already running, was moored beside the wharf.

"As scheduled?" said a low, tense voice from the launch.

"As scheduled," mumbled Mr. Blackbeard from the depths of his whiskers.

Belinda felt herself being forced toward the launch by her captors. She gave a little strangled scream—and for a moment the world spun around like a dizzy teetotum before her.

When she was herself again, the launch was cutting the black waters of the Hudson, and her hand was being patted in a reassuring manner by somebody whose face she couldn't make out at all. She drew the hand away indignantly.

"You might have manners enough not to f-force your disgusting attentions on people you didn't mean to kidnap in the first place!" she said in a voice of weak fury.

The man beside her shifted uneasily.

"Sorry, lady," he growled. "I was just makin' sure you hadn't went and fainted on us."

Accent and pretense at ungrammatical speech rang false to her, somehow—false as Mr. Blackbeard's beard. She peered into the darkness—there was something curiously familiar about the set of those shoulders.

"Who are you?" she queried sharply. "You aren't like the rest of your gang—they can *talk* like gentlemen, at least."

"Well, I never pretended to be no lily," said the shadowy figure somewhat peevishly. "Johnny the Gyp's my moniker. I run the bus for the boys. We're a hard-boiled lot, lady, but we ain't going to do you no harm, if you keep quiet."

"I'm sure you're not," said Belinda. "Pirates, indeed—picking out an old man and a woman to hold for ransom! What did you do before—steal milk-bottles out of baby-carriages?"

"Aw, now, lady—" began the chauffeur in an aggrieved whine. But, "Less talk there!" came Blackbeard's voice from the stern of the boat, and a silence fell upon the party.

IN other circumstances a launch ride up the Hudson on a starry April evening might have been delightful. But she was tired, she was cold, and she was rapidly growing very hungry.

Moreover, this absurd crew of comic-opera pirates who wore false beards, and who talked with Harvard accents when they forgot to pretend to be tough, might keep her imprisoned for weeks in some damp cellar while they dickered with Mr. Whippet's lawyers. That was the best she could hope for. She fell into an unhappy half-doze of cold, fatigue, and fear, and started when a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Welcome to the pirate craft!" said Blackbeard's rumbling voice.

She rubbed her eyes. The launch had stopped—it was rocking beside the gangway of a larger craft moored in a sheltered cove, under the shadows of dark trees. She got to her feet stiffly, and let herself be helped up the gangway, hardly caring what happened to her now. Mr. Whippet, she saw, was already aboard.

As she stepped on the deck of the houseboat, she sneezed violently. That was the finishing touch—she was catching a cold. She let herself be led down some steps and along a little corridor by the begoggled chauffeur who called himself Johnny the Gyp—he, too, she noticed with extraordinary irritation, was now adorned with a false black beard.

The chauffeur opened the door of a tiny cabin and switched on a light.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Wives of Great Men

. . *and their breakfasts*

Many a wife has helped her husband to success and fame by giving him the right kind of breakfast! . . Hundreds of brilliantly successful Americans have recently made this statement. All wives, attention!

These famous men have learned from experience that *one particular kind of breakfast* is the best preparation for efficient work. And they depend upon their wives to plan this sort of meal for them every morning.

This is the kind of food served at the home breakfasts of successful men

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . *and* . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

BREAKFAST is probably the most important meal. The man who wants to be highly efficient should prepare for the day's work by eating a moderate amount of well-balanced, completely nourishing food. . . . This, in a nutshell, is the opinion of the 2300 famous Americans who recently described their own breakfasts at the request of a leading scientific institute.

Do you give *your* husband a carefully chosen breakfast? Not too heavy—for that means a mind "slowed up" during several hours. Not too light—for that means mental and physical fatigue before lunchtime. The ideal breakfast for brain-workers is one which, with a moderate amount of food, supplies a large amount of balanced nourishment.

For this reason you will find Grape-Nuts most valuable. This crisp, delicious food is made from wheat and malted barley. It gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Served with whole milk or cream, it is an admirably balanced ration. A single serving contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

Grape-Nuts is very easy to digest, because of the special baking process which brings it to you ready-to-serve. Its nut-like taste and its delightful "crunchiness" are irresistible. Grape-Nuts encourages thorough chewing—and that is another way in which it helps health. Your dentist will tell you that only by proper exercise can the health and beauty of teeth and gums be preserved.

Give this tempting, health-giving food a daily place upon your breakfast table. Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a famous physical director.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

It's here —this better malted drink

made the Borden way

THE FOUNTAIN MAN SAYS, "What'll you have?" And you're all set for a malted milk. You know the kind—that smooth, rich drink with the real malt flavor—delicate, not too sweet—and frosty cold.

Now your answer is easy—and sure—just say "Give me a *Borden Special.*"

It's great—this new "mix"—better by several degrees, if flavor can be measured, than any you've ever tasted. With the first sip you'll relish this *different* blend and how it will linger through to the last velvety drop! Try it today—made the Borden way.

• • •

Especially if you haven't yet discovered the reason why malted milk is such a popular drink—if, somehow, you've "never had any luck with it"—have been served an inferior kind—you owe it to yourself to give malted milk another chance. The "Borden Special" will start you on the right track.

The malted milk habit is convenient—and thrifty, too. Satisfying and health-giving—it's the perfect light lunch—the between-meal bracer that doesn't spoil your appetite for dinner—the suitable after-the-movie refreshment, delightful but soothing—puts you in shape for a sound eight-hour sleep. That is, of course, if it's a Borden Malted Milk—made the Borden way. And you are sure of getting it wherever you see the new Borden sign. That's an easy precaution to take, isn't it?

DEALERS: *If you haven't secured this attractive new Borden sign—with fountain strips and formula for the "Borden Special"—ask your jobber today or write direct to the Borden Co., 350 Madison Avenue, New York.*

Look for this new sign at your favorite fountain. It means a lot more satisfaction to every malted milk drinker.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

"You'll be called when it's time for eats," he said, and departed, locking the door behind him.

Belinda sat down on the narrow bunk of the cabin and burst into tears.

But she did not cry for long, and when her tears were over her spirits rose inexplicably.

There was a smell of cooking from somewhere—and a rumble of voices punctuated with occasional bursts of laughter. These people couldn't really be so desperate if they could laugh like that—and, whatever it was they were cooking, it smelt delicious.

Belinda powdered her nose, fixed her hair, and stared at herself in a mirror disapprovingly.

"It's just like me to be kidnaped in a darned old dress I've worn for a million times," she thought disgustedly. "If I only had a real dress I'd feel twice as brave."

A knock came at the door. She turned, her hand at her throat. The lock clicked. A hand shoved a long box into the room.

"Grub's almost ready," said a rough voice. "Maybe you'd like to dress for it."

There was a cynical laugh. The hand deposited the box on the floor and vanished. The door closed.

Belinda stared at the box. It might be sandwiches. On the other hand, it might be a bomb. But she couldn't resist just lifting the cover—good heavens, what a beautiful evening dress!

She took it out lovingly and held it under her chin. Yes, it would fit—it actually would. There were slippers and stockings to match.

Belinda was cold; Belinda was hungry; Belinda was tired and more than a little frightened—but when Belinda stood up in the crocus-colored chiffon, a little later, her eyes were starry and her cheeks vivid with color. Let Mr. Blackbeard and his outrageous crew make her walk a piratic plank to a damp and oozy grave—she would be becomingly dressed for the occasion, and even the water-weeds would recognize that here was a drowned lady of quality!

She stepped to the door magnificently, and tried it. It swung open. As she swept out into the corridor a gong began to clang a succession of ominous iron notes.

Mr. Blackbeard stood before her—a changed Mr. Blackbeard, fantastically arrayed in the outlandish raiment of such a king of sea-wolves as Howard Pyle might have painted with a brush dipped into the sunset. A black handkerchief knotted at his throat bore a grinning skull-and-crossbones; an antique cutlass swung at his waist. He waved her down the corridor with a lean, bronzed hand.

"Enter, fair captive!" he roared, as he swung open a door. "Enter into the treasure cave of the Bus Pirates—the secret lair of Blackbeard's desperate thieves!"

Belinda's mouth dropped open. The long room or cabin at the doorway of which she stood was decorated as if for some bizarre masquerade. A long table ran down its center, adorned with flowers and candles, silverware and cut glass. Around the table stood a grotesque and diverse company.

SHE recognized among them, with a sense of dream, many of her fellow passengers of the mysterious bus. But now the men were as wildly bearded as Blackbeard himself, and dressed in buccaneer braveries.

The women wore the evening dresses of today—though none she saw, with one swift and rapturous glance, wore a dress more ravishing than hers.

Her eyes flew from one figure to another—yes, there was the chauffeur who called himself Johnny the Gyp, somewhat sad-eyed behind an enormous beard the color of coral—and, wonder of wonders, there was Mr. Whippet risen from the seat of the host—a gray, fusty little pirate, who seemed to be bearing his captivity with curious insouciance.

Her chin went up. She swam upon Blackbeard's arm to a post of honor at Mr. Whippet's right.

"Grog for our lovely prize!" roared Blackbeard fiercely, from her other side.

A tall goblet appeared before Belinda—a goblet whose delicately rosy contents suggested a pink pearl dissolved in April dew.

The houseboat, with its lanterns and its music, dropped behind them—the black bulk of a dock appeared ahead.

"Thank you," said Belinda meekly. She took a sip from the goblet, a bite of the canape on her plate.

"How perfectly heavenly!" she murmured.

Mr. Whippet chuckled.

"Don't treat us so badly, do they—the villains!" he whispered diffidently, with a side glance at Blackbeard.

Belinda nodded, starry-eyed.

As the dinner proceeded, she wondered why she had ever worried about how to get on with pirates. Pirates, in the privacy of their lairs, seemed to behave very much like people on the nicest sort of house party.

They had the same mysterious little community jokes, cryptic to the uninitiated newcomer—there was one about busses, and one, for some reason, about the number sixty-five. Also, the rest of the party were as one in teasing a particular member—in this case the rather woebegone ruffian who called himself Johnny the Gyp. His eyes grew more and more like those of a doleful Sealyham terrier's at each cryptic thrust about some "girl friend" of his.

The dinner ended with the apparition of an enormous and significant cake bedecked

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

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What will your car be worth *then*?
Or in *two* years? Or in *five*?

Important questions, these—but they create no worry, no uncertainty for the owner of a Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

90 per cent of the 1,600,000 Dodge Brothers Motor Cars still in service—

Owners enjoying six, eight and even ten years of faithful performance! Mileage running into six figures a common occurrence—

Depreciation costs so low you seek in vain for a parallel—

Resale values unusually high, yet an eager market to absorb them—

Upkeep costs so nominal that it would be difficult to find records to match them—

A greater percentage of costly Chrome Vanadium Steel and drop forgings than in any other car in the world, regardless of price—

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MOTOR CARS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

with burning candles. It was placed in front of Mr. Whippet.

"The ransom cake!" thundered Blackbeard. "The ransom cake! Speech, speech! Everybody up!"

Belinda envied the diffident dignity with which Mr. Whippet cut the cake that was the emblem of his captivity. It was an excellent cake—and there were little trophies in it—thimbles and things. Belinda's slice had a small gold ring concealed in it—which Blackbeard, with a gallant gesture, insisted upon placing on the middle finger of her right hand.

Then music struck up from somewhere, and captives and captors went out to dance on the deck.

Mr. Blackbeard, Belinda discovered, danced with the suave fluency of a faun.

It was quite a considerable time before the disconsolate Johnny the Gyp got a dance with her. He was always trying, but other people always seemed to be getting in his way.

"Enjoying yourself — ain't you?" he growled with singular bitterness, when Belinda was at last in his arms.

"Certainly am," said Belinda, with gentle candor.

"Well, I'm not—I mean I ain't," moaned her partner lugubriously. "Do you know, this is the first dance I've had with you all evening?"

"Really? But Mr. Blackbeard dances so well," hummed Belinda, her eyes on the stars and the moon.

"He does, does he?" The music diminished—for a moment ceased. "Thank God!" said Johnny the Gyp, with a note of true thanksgiving in his voice. "Now, follow me——"

"But Mr. Blackbeard has the next dance—and they'll be starting again in a minute," objected Belinda politely.

"Oh, damn Mr. Blackbeard!" said his henchman disloyally. "Are you coming or aren't you?"

Belinda felt a pleasant little thrill of terror as he glowered at her ferociously from behind the flaming carrots of his beard.

She followed him down into the body of the boat, along a corridor, through a galley where two impassive Chinamen were washing dishes, and out on to something that seemed, to Belinda's un-nautical eyes, to be a tiny back porch hung over the water.

"Now, lady," grunted Johnny the Gyp, "you see them stairs? There's a rowboat moored below there. And I'm tough, lady—but I've got a kind heart—I don't want a little girl like you to come to harm in this devil-ship. So you and me's just going to escape in that boat——"

"BUT I don't want to escape," said Belinda placidly. "I'm having a perfectly marvelous time right where I am."

Johnny the Gyp seemed flabbergasted.

"Don't you want to get back to your folks?" he whispered incredulously.

"My—folks—are dears," said Belinda, "but they live in Kiowa Falls. I'd like to drop in on them, of course—but we could hardly row there in time for breakfast, could we?"

"What—what about your job?" he muttered. "Ain't you got a job?"

"A very tiresome one—I've been thinking of quitting it for weeks. Don't you think I could get one here on the devil-ship—uh—mending piratical socks and things? I'm sure if I spoke to Mr. Blackbeard—and I'm really a very good mender—and it *would* be fun——"

Johnny the Gyp addressed strange objurgations to the silver disk of the moon.

"Uh-huh," he said at length, when he had grown more coherent. "But you must—you got to—I mean you got to have a boy friend—and how'll he feel?"

"Dozens," said Belinda. "Dozens of boy friends *here*, stupid. Let's see—" She started to tick them off on her fingers: "First, there's Mr. Blackbeard, of course; and then there's that nice man with——"

"Oh, rats!" said Johnny the Gyp in a loud, uncivil voice, and, picking Belinda up bodily in his arms, had descended an exceedingly slippery flight of steps and deposited her in a rowboat before she could catch her breath.

"Now, just one peep for help to your darling Mr. Blackbeard," he whispered furiously, "and I'll bat you over the head with an oar. This party is getting a little too complicated—and you're going to be rescued, young lady, whether you like it or not."

He cast off the rowboat and bent to the oars.

"I will call for Mr. Blackbeard—I will!" said Belinda in a tiny but raging voice.

"Call away," said her new captor grimly, "if you want to be a first-class murder."

The houseboat, with its lanterns and its music, dropped behind them—the black bulk of a dock appeared ahead.

Then, suddenly, the music on the houseboat stopped.

"Yoicks! Stolen away!"

BELINDA heard the startled halloo and smiled. The next moment the rowboat's nose bumped a pair of landing-stairs.

"Jump out and grab hold," commanded Johnny the Gyp.

"I—I'll get my feet wet," whimpered Belinda. "And these are Mr. Blackbeard's sister's slippers—and dress——"

"Jump out!" said Johnny the Gyp, that Desperate Character. And Belinda jumped.

A few seconds later she was unwillingly running—or rather being run—toward the other end of the dock.

Johnny the Gyp was clutching her arm and muttering, "Dick's car ought to be parked right here—swiped his keys, thank God—atta baby!" as he almost ran Belinda into a dim, looming shape.

He flung open a door.

"Get in!" he snapped, and Belinda docilely crawled into the front seat of a small roadster—as clamor and the chugging of a launch from the waterside announced that pursuit was on their trail.

He swung himself in beside her. The car coughed twice and roared out into an elm-shadowed road.

Then its headlights began to bore into the black tunnel of night like double swords, and

the miles began to flutter behind it like scraps of torn paper.

"Just as a matter of academic interest—where am I being rescued to?" Belinda queried.

"Sping Bub," said Johnny the Gyp, through his acres of carroty beard.

"What?"

"Spouting Brook. You can get married there without previous residence."

"Oh, my!" said Belinda, and, with a swift, dexterous motion of her hand, stripped the disfiguring beard from her captor's countenance. Then she sat, for a moment, holding the former beard out before her like a muff.

"If you tell me you didn't know it was me, I'll shoot you!" he snorted angrily. "You knew darn well it was me!"

"Why, Billy Teach, I did not. At least, not at first."

"You did!" he said, causing the roadster to execute what approached a curvet, in his agitation. "And you think I'm the damnedest boob in seven States—and you'll never forgive me—and you want to know all about it——"

"I do know all about it. It's Mr. Whippet's sixty-fifth birthday—and Mr. Blackbeard is his son——"

"And my once-was roommate, God help me. *He* got me into it. You see, the Old Man never wanted any fuss made over his birthday—and at the same time he was crazy about pirates and things like that. He has Captain Kidd's original cutlass hung up in his study at home. So Dick thought it would be fun to kidnap him out here for a birthday party——"

"And you didn't invite me!" said Belinda, stamping her foot. "You didn't invite me! I had to be kidnaped to come!"

"Huh!" said William Teach, glowering. "Who helped you on the bus?"

"Mr. Whippet!"

"Well, who helped you on the other side?"

"I don't know! I didn't see anybody!"

"Well, it was me in spirit, anyhow," grinned Mr. Teach. "Didn't invite you? Of course I didn't invite you! I've been scared to death of you ever since I first met you—I've been so in love with you!"

He produced a creased and shabby paper from his pocket and waved it.

"I've carried this license around with me for months and never dared use it! Never dared say a thing to you! But that's over, I want you to know. I don't care if Dick Whippet is my best friend—he isn't going to marry you while I've got *eyes*—and if you think you're going to get away from me now—and you look like God's original daffodil in that yellow dress——"

"Only," said Belinda, some time later, "don't tell me about the little house in the suburbs we're going to have, Bill. Because—yes, I guess I must be in love with you, Bill, because I feel sort of breathless and sanctified, the way you feel if you eat a lot of peppermints and then drink a lot of cold water—but I've been hearing about little houses all day, and if I hear about another one, even from you, I'll simply go mad and scream."

"But we won't have a house," said the young man triumphantly. "We'll have a houseboat."

"How perfectly divine!" breathed Belinda. "How perfectly divine!"

The clergyman at Spouting Brook looked at the license carefully.

"It *seems* to be in order," he admitted at last; "but—you have a ring, of course?"

"Jumping—Jiminy!" said Billy, and blanched.

THEN Belinda stuck out her right-hand middle finger.

A small gold ring glittered there—the ring from Mr. Whippet's birthday cake.

"H'm," yawned the clergyman. "And—the witnesses?"

"Oh, they'll be here in a minute—blast 'em!" said Billy, and stepped to the window.

Yes, two cars, laden with fantastically garbed masqueraders, were already laboring up the hill.

The minister, still yawning, tried to make small talk.

"You young people of today!" he said, with a shake of his head. "Always—er—getting married—and doing things—up to all hours—all the time—I should think you'd get tired *sometime*—eh, Miss—er—Meadows?"

"Oh, no," said Belinda, dazzling-eyed, as she took her lover's hand. "You see, we're pirates, Dr. Err. It's only working that tires you—pirates never get tired. Come with us for a cruise sometime. You'll see!"

The minister opened his mouth to make some slightly reproving remark. But just then Blackbeard's crew, and the dawn, with a sprig of apple blossom in his pocket for Belinda, arrived at the door simultaneously.

THE END

The Unused Mileage *of a* Good Used Studebaker

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

Your Studebaker Dealer

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THE best proof of the desirability of a good used Studebaker is furnished by the famous Studebaker Pledge published on this page.

Studebaker knows what goes into a Studebaker and therefore is competent to speak as to what the second purchaser can get out of this sturdy One-Profit car.

Studebaker knows the transportation possibilities of a Studebaker cannot be exhausted in two or three years of use—the second owner may get more mileage out of a Studebaker, than the man who sold it to buy another.

Our records are overflowing with voluntary testimonials from owners who have driven Studebakers upwards of 100,000 miles.

Whether you buy a new car or a used car it will pay you to deal with a merchant of aggressive integrity. And the high character of Studebaker dealers is reflected in the above pledge.

The Studebaker dealer will finance a used Studebaker just as readily as he will finance a new Studebaker, on a liberal plan of Budget Payments.

S T U D E B A K E R

Drop *your* Dignity *It's Good for Your Health*

Says

Douglas Fairbanks

Drawings by GARRETT PRICE

Douglas Fairbanks
P. & A. photo

NO one can spend the greater part of twenty years in a desk chair, eat himself into a state of lethargy, and then suddenly prod himself into unwonted activity in some field of sport, without finding that his heart, lungs, and stomach have entered into a conspiracy against him.

This belated conversion to exercise as a last desperate resort, after one has allowed himself to get completely out of shape, in the hope that it will restore youth, aid digestion, improve the heart action, reduce the girth, and repair the damage done by years of neglect, is a foolish and dangerous delusion.

Hard exercise is not a corrective or cure. It is not to be listed among the medicines, nor to be prescribed as a sort of bodily discipline to correct past mistakes or prevent future ills. I do not propose it as a form of penance for those who have lived improperly, but as a privilege and reward for those who have lived so that they can enjoy it. In other words, the habit of vigorous exercise is not so much a means of keeping one's health and youth as it is a happy consequence of keeping them—a pleasant testimonial of your fitness through right living.

I do not, as a matter of fact, customarily leap over all tables and chairs upon entering a room, or walk upstairs on my hands.

The other day a man of seventy who takes cross-continental bicycle rides for diversion called upon me at the studio, and we were comparing ideas about exercise. Someone asked him the natural question: Did he attribute his health and vigor to his constant exercise on the bicycle?

"Why, no," he said; "it's the other way around, I think. I attribute my ability to take long bicycle rides to the fact that I have always kept myself in condition. I have not exercised in order to keep young. I have kept young so that I might enjoy exercise."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Are you an unsuspecting public?

Long ago, I decided that the only time anything got wished on an unsuspecting public was when the public, down underneath, was *wishing* for it.

That certainly explains Mennen Shaving Cream. Men everywhere were cursing the torture of shaving and wishing somehow—

You know the answer. Today, Mennen stacks up a lather that makes the wiriest, bristlingest set of whiskers soft and limp. *Dermutation!* Even a dull razor can't help just naturally giving you a quick, super-clean shave.

Same way about Talcum for Men. A human-nature instinct for a little more comfort.

Well, Talcum for Men was made to blend with any masculine skin. It doesn't show. It's antiseptic, shine-dispelling, soothing, protecting. Good, honest he-man comfort which the he-men are falling for by millions.

Which brings me to the third item—Mennen Skin Balm. Filling one more long-felt want. A little squeeze on your finger-tips rotated gently around the shaved area—a little tingly *bite*—then a zippy, fresh, fragrant coolness spreading all over your face. Greaseless—absorbed in half a minute.

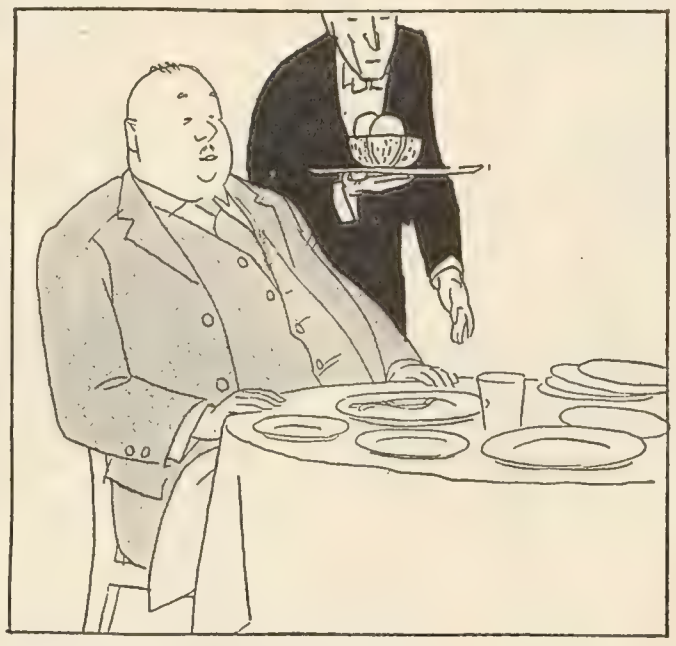
Get the Complete Mennen Shave Habit. It's as delightful as a raise in salary.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

[DROP YOUR DIGNITY
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

This struck me as such an apt way of expressing my own views about exercise that I wished I had said it myself. At first it sounds merely a smart saying; one of those inverted truths that sound well but mean little. But



You cannot gorge yourself with food and expect to enjoy the sensation of hard exercise.

I really believe we have got our cause and effect mixed up in the matter of exercise.

I do not suppose that one plays bridge because he thinks it will improve his mind. In fact, if this were the object of the game, it would rapidly lose favor. One plays bridge as a mental diversion; because he finds it amusing and is in a condition of mind to enjoy it.

Both bridge and physical exercise may betoken a mind and body in fair condition, but they certainly are not the cause of this condition. They are more likely to be an effect. At any rate, I do not propose to take the fun out of exercise by recommending it as a painful obligation, or a cure, or a discipline.

I put it on the ground not of a necessity but of a luxury; a privilege open only to those who have lived carefully and can risk it, have eaten lightly and can stomach it, have kept young and can enjoy it.

A MAN who a little more than a decade ago was a nationally known athlete, not so well known as Red Grange or Babe Ruth, but still in the championship class, was chatting with me lately as I went through some of my daily stunts at the studio. I took a few swings on the horizontal bar, put the shot a little, and ended by jogging a mile or so around the lot. I was not needed for the moment in the production of the picture, and this was as agreeable a way as any of filling in the time.

I was not exercising to build up my system, harden my muscles, stave off a physical decline, or keep the doctor away. I was doing it for the simple reason that I liked it; for the same reason, I suppose, that small boys throw stones, climb fences, and chase each other—a physical exuberance that demands an outlet.

Moreover, I have found that, in my case, a sudden change of activity is a better form of rest and much more entertaining than sitting in an armchair. If I permit myself to slow down, I am through for the day. It is easier for me to swing back to my work from a horizontal bar than it is from the suspended animation of the armchair.

But this is purely personal. Perhaps the nature of my work and the environment of the studio allow me forms of recreation that are not suitable for the average. If the New York attorney, for example, took to chinning himself in his office, it might have, for all I know, a disastrous effect on his practice. But I know that no kind of confinement could keep me from exercise.

The athlete compared our condition somewhat to his own disadvantage. He remarked that he wished he had kept himself in shape as I had by daily exercise. Whereupon I told him in substance what I am saying now—that I did not exercise to keep fit; I kept fit so that I might enjoy exercise.

I think he understood me better at lunch time. As I recall it we had corned beef and poached eggs, a fruit salad, a dessert, and coffee. Now I had been exercising and was entitled to a healthy appetite. I could have eaten three complete lunches with relish. But I observed that I ate about a third as much as my guest and I omitted dessert altogether.

BREAKFAST is for me an equally frugal meal, and although I let myself go a little further when it comes to dinner, this meal is not in the nature of an orgy.

I suppose my simple ideas about eating would be laughed at by a dietitian, for I cannot converse intelligently about phosphorous, nitrogen, and carbohydrates as articles of diet, and if anyone offered me only a small portion of glucose, I should resent it.

These food elements mean little to me, but the quantity in which they are taken means a great deal. I usually cut this down to about half what I want, divide what I should really like to eat by two, go easy on sweets, and I don't have to worry that some militant group of albumins will sneak up and do me an injury.

This idea is far from being a novelty. Perhaps the very simplicity of this method of keeping one's youth and health works against it. Something certainly does, for as you watch people eat you find it in little favor.

Expensive advice from doctors, ocean voyages, specialized forms of exercise, elaborate and new-fangled remedies—all these seem to be welcome prescriptions for whatever is ailing us, but light eating is apparently too direct, simple, and inexpensive to warrant serious consideration.

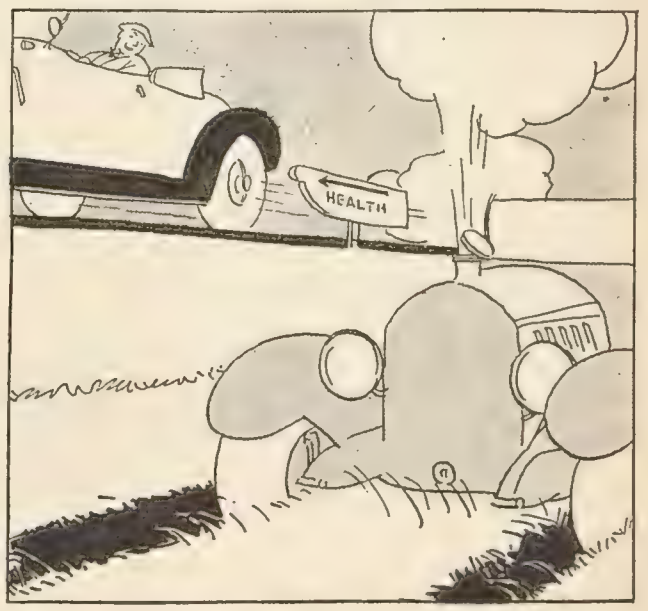
It is, of course, in addition, a mild hardship, and many no doubt feel that they would rather eat their fill and let nature take its course, even if this course lies in the direction of a swollen figure, a vanishing waistline, shortness of breath, and a generally sluggish and deteriorating condition of the system.

There are no laws prohibiting this form of intemperance. It's a free choice; but you *do* have to choose. You cannot have both the spirits and vitality of youth and a pampered stomach. You cannot gorge yourself with food and expect to enjoy the sensation of hard exercise. You won't be young enough or healthy enough to exercise.

THERE is an idea current, as I have said, that exercise is a kind of antidote for excess, that it possesses a restorative property that will build up the tissue and restore the bodily vigor lost by overeating and other forms of dissipation. In other words, the more we exercise the more we may misbehave with impunity.

The exact opposite is nearer the truth. Physical exercise is not a taking in but a giving out of energy. The man who tries to offset indulgence by exercise is attempting to relieve one strain on the system by adding another to it. Instead of restoring tissue, he is further depleting it.

I seem now to be embarked on that old familiar subject of how to keep young and fit. But my ideas are few and simple and it will not take long to set them down. I do not make any claim that temperate eating will ward off all bodily ills and keep one a perennial stripling. But it is the greatest *single* factor in keeping fit. The others are, I think, mostly mental, and I do not want to stress them too strongly, because in this article I am dealing with tangible things and I have no desire to present a mixture of food and philosophy.



The greatest enemy of youth is a spiritless acceptance of the handicaps we fancy the years bring.

I believe that the greatest enemy of youth, besides a maltreated stomach, is a stiffness

not so much of the body as of the mind—a cultivation of settled ways and fixed habits, a spiritless acceptance of the handicaps we fancy the years bring.

We like to classify ourselves according to years and label ourselves as thirty, forty, or fifty, and to accept the limitations that conventionally belong to each age.

"We have now reached such and such an age," we tell ourselves with great gravity, "and we must forsake the ardor of the tennis court for the quieter pastures of golf, or give up golf for bowling. We must reduce our gait from four to three miles an hour, stop running upstairs, and in general watch ourselves carefully to see that we are acting in a manner becoming our age and that no part of the anatomy will creak, snap, or break."

This attitude is mostly mental. It is not our arteries but our ideas that are hardening.

There is a certain —what shall I say?— malleable turn of the mind that is the essential quality of youth — a state of mind that does not intrench itself behind fixed habits; that regards itself not as hardened in the mold, but still fluid, still able to reshape itself, still responsive to the challenge of every new condition.

YOU may say that this springiness of mind, however much we should like to retain it, is a quality of which the years inevitably rob us. I do not believe it. I do not believe that the mere passage of years has much to do with mental or bodily condition.

Personally, I refuse to be ruled by a calendar. This calendar tells me that I am forty-three years old, but I do not permit it to dictate what I can and cannot do, or that I must reform my behavior and ideas to suit this august age.

I can do anything in the nature of physical exercise that I could do at twenty and extract benefit and pleasure from it, and I am not going to let any calendar tell me I can't. I will know well enough without it that when my body rebels or my mind becomes incrusted with set notions of what I should and shouldn't do, I am getting too old to exercise.

From what I have said about exercise, the reader might fairly conclude that I am a crank on the subject; that I make a fetish of it and elevate it to a position it does not deserve. If so, I have given a false impression.

I do not, as a matter of fact, customarily leap over all tables and chairs upon entering a room, chin myself on the chandelier, or walk upstairs on my hands, to establish the fact that there is nothing wrong with me. It would be more likely to convey the impression that something was.

An hour and a half or two hours a day is the amount of time I usually allot for exercise. An overindulgence in exercise is, I should say, considerably worse than none at all, since it defeats whatever purpose exercise has, besides being a healthy form of diversion. This purpose is a balancing one—to establish some sort of harmony of mind and body, so that they may live together in peace and comfort.

Another Great Serial Starts in Next Week's Issue. It's called—

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By ELMER DAVIS

This is the adventurous story of a girl who followed the call of love to the very brink of disaster.

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In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

Since a large part of us is corporeal and will be until nature makes some other plan, it seems only fitting that it should be used. A mind racing at high speed in a body crawling along in low gear does not seem to be a natural or proper arrangement. But one who takes too much exercise or takes it too seriously is unbalanced in a worse way than if he took none.

I do not believe in magnifying any kind of sport into a business or religion—as is sometimes the case. To clutter it up with too many rules and conventions as to how one should behave, dress, talk, and thus to formalize it into a serious rite, is to kill it as a diversion.

And that is all it should be: a natural and free outlet for physical energy; a balance wheel to prevent our becoming lopsided.

A man who can amuse himself by playing hopscotch in his back yard is better off than one who makes a ceremony of choosing the right garb, the right associates, the right country club, and takes his sport as if it were a heavy obligation to himself and society. The latter is taking his fun too seriously, making a business out of what ought to be pure diversion, letting it usurp a place that should be more properly reserved for more important things.

The best sport, I think, is the one that is nearest to hand; one that you can plunge into with a minimum of preparation and formality; the best clothes are those you can get into the quickest, and the best competitors are those you have with you.

I do not play many games that require elaborate preparation and much journeying back and forth, for the simple reason that I cannot afford the time, and neither, I suppose, can the average reader. But I can find time for all sorts of exercise at the studio. We have no gymnasium, no elaborate machinery for exercise. If you enjoy exercise, it isn't necessary.

FUN in exercise is mostly a matter of imagination. If you haven't a competitor handy, it is easy to invent one.

A clotheshorse may not be as spirited as a polo pony, but I can get as much exercise out of it.

A simple set of steps offers unlimited possibilities.

A fence is always a challenge.

Digging a ditch can become a romantic and colorful pastime if you are throwing up a rampart against an imaginary enemy or hunting for buried treasure.

Silly? Possibly. Childish? Absolutely!

That is just what I mean to be!

An occasional yielding to childish impulse, even at a temporary loss of dignity, which I think we sometimes esteem too highly; a little exercise not formalized into a ritual of sport, taken not seriously but lightly, not as a duty but as a pleasure—prevent us from taking ourselves and life in general too solemnly.

THE END

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The WHIRL

Old-Time Happiness Tries the First Dangerous Curve on the Highway of Modern Marriage

"BETSY'S taken poison," Theo Kilgrew told Clay Forrester. He was trembling so violently that Clay laid her hand on his arm.

Both members of a giddy young set, they were in a New York night club, where they had been dancing almost all night. Betsy had been missing from the table for no one knew how long. Theo, her brother, had gone to look for her and had found her in the dressing-room, an empty veronal bottle in her hand.

He led the way back to her.

"Exit Betsy, laughing," she murmured, sitting limply on a couch. "D'you think I want to live forever?"

Clay boiled. She knew Betsy's reason for wanting to die. The reason was Charlie Van Dyke—light-headed Charlie, who wouldn't divorce his wife!

Clay and Theo got Betsy to Dr. MacPherson, and waited while he administered an antidote to the poison. The danger over, and Betsy at home and in bed, Clay drove back alone to the night club, weary and hungry. From there to an all-night restaurant for real food. Here she ran into her mother, the persistently youthful Lucille, divorced from Clay's father and now the wife of Syd Gordon.

The girl drove her mother home, drew up neatly to the curb—and crumpled in a deep faint.

So Dr. MacPherson had another patient. Clay solemnly promised him to be good and to go regularly and early to bed. But the very next night she was at a Harlem "club" with Tommy Hoyt. Tommy was a stranger in New York—a tall, blond, refreshing stranger, who thought night clubs rather dumb.

It was terribly quick, Tommy's proposal to Clay and Clay's acceptance of Tommy. And time, like a crazy speed boat, hurried them to the moment when, in a solemn church, they were pronouncing: "I, Thomas, take thee, Clay—" and "I, Clay, take thee, Thomas—" while the bride's mother sat complacently between her first and second husbands.

Quite logically, the honeymoon was in Paris.

PART TWO

TOMMY sat, long legs crossed, in Allida Wade's Paris apartment. One long hand rested on the open window as he watched the shifting groups—watched his wife moving, like a bright grasshopper in her green frock, from one knot of people to another.

Below the long windows the Seine wound languidly between its banks toward the lavender bulk of Notre Dame, melting softly into lavender twilight. How very tranquil it was, Tommy thought, that drowsy city below them! And how it contrasted its mood with the restless activity of this group of Americans gathered here!

"I'm sorry that Drake couldn't come," his hostess was saying, advancing from the buffet toward Clay and her companion. "Heaven knows a husband is unnecessary enough on most occasions, but at his own divorce party—shake this for me, will you, Eric?"

Eric Pearson turned reluctantly from Clay to accept the cocktail-shaker.

"Thank heaven we're in a wet country,

WIND

A Serial

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"YOU couldn't remember what he told you tonight, in the hall," said Tommy. "Do you remember now, Clay?"

where we don't have to drink!" he murmured. "The light wines of France—Allida, did you import this gin from the States? It's strong enough for a social gathering of longshoremen!"

Clay had slipped away and stood before her husband. "Still glad you married me, Tommy?"

He shook his head slowly. "No. Just regretting it this minute, as a matter of fact!"

"Why—Tommy!" She smiled, but her eyes looked at him anxiously. Tommy was so strange, sometimes.

"I'd like to see you once in a while," he explained, taking her hand in his. "Marriage appears to be the best guarantee there is for never being alone with a person." Her fingers wound about his, and he felt his blood beating, at the closeness of her. "Damn all these people, anyway! Did we come to Europe to be together or to see them?"

"Sweetest one!" The anxiety vanished and her lips curved into a pleased smile. "Isn't Allida funny about her divorce? D'you s'pose we'll be as friendly when our time comes?"

His fingers tightened about her hand until she winced. "I wish you wouldn't talk that way, Clay!"

"Infant!" She drew away her hand, shook it, and moved the fingers experimentally. "Not broken, I guess."

"MORE honeymoon stuff over here?" Allida Wade interrupted them, strolling across the room.

"Isn't it allowed after two weeks of marriage?" Tommy asked, but he scowled as he met her eyes.

"Allowed, but not usual. You can see your husband any time, Clay. Run on back and talk to Eric Pearson some more. He's mad about you and he's suffering tortures of jealousy, watching you here. It ain't proper, anyway!" She sat down in the chair that Hilda had vacated and smiled at Clay's husband. "Like to strangle me, wouldn't you, Tommy?"

He looked at her dryly. "As you so cleverly put it, husbands are the least essential——"

"Oh, shush! You simply mustn't get started wrong on the devious paths of matrimony, Tommy. Be as jealous as you please—it's an alluring vice in a man. But always remember to be jealous of any other woman in the world except your wife!"

Tommy shrugged. Jealous? Why was it, he wondered, that a man must be considered either jealous or stupid, if he happened to be more interested in his own wife than in some other woman? Tommy was no puritan. He didn't believe, necessarily, in the unqualified propriety of having but one love at a time. Certainly, in those five years in China . . .

But just now, when he and Clay were still in that delightful, exciting period of mutual discovery of each other . . .

"Tommy, I'm afraid you're an old-fashioned man!" His hostess' voice, cutting into his reflections, was bantering, provocative.

Her perfume drifted about him as she leaned forward. Her voice held that peculiarly intimate quality which a woman can call forth at will. She dropped one hand, white and fragile beneath its heavy rings, to his knee.

"Maybe so," he answered her shortly.

Again he looked up at Clay. She was sitting in a deep armchair, and Eric Pearson, perched on the arm of it, was lifting her fingers one by one, as he talked. Her hand was passive in his. It seemed to Tommy that she did not even know it was there.

"You're all so damned cheap!" he blurted. He hadn't meant to include Clay, of course.

"Not really!" Allida's voice was mocking. "Poor little Clay! They have some odd and curious contraptions over at the Cluny Museum that should interest you, Tommy. The Crusaders were jealous husbands, too, you know!"

"Cheap and vulgar!" he repeated, as much to himself as to her.

"I'LL take you under consideration, then, Mr. Pearson," Clay's laughing voice reached him now. "I believe that Arch Baker has first place as my second husband—I'll have to ask Tommy. But at least I'll make a note of you. Have you any particular qualifications or propensities?"

"He had a hot and heavy love affair with Blythe Cartel," the very Parisian young woman in black satin and white orchids put in. "Any man who can get away with that——"

"Clay!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Allida Wade laughed in lazy enjoyment, as Tommy rose to his feet.

"Yes, darling?" Clay's shining brown eyes rested upon him affectionately.

"We've got to go." His voice was blunt.

"Go?" half a dozen voices echoed. "No one's going to go! We're all going to have dinner somewhere and then stagger forth and explore Montmartre. We——"

"You may be," said Tommy dryly. "We're not! Ready, Clay?"

He felt boorish and uncomfortable before her surprised gaze. He wondered if his face was red—damn Allida Wade and that mocking laugh of hers!

"Why, of course!" Clay said, but her brows drew together anxiously. "We really deserve to be excused, you know," she explained lightly to that fellow Pearson. "We've only been married for two weeks!"

He smiled understandingly. "I'll forgive you this once, then," he said, raising her hand to his lips. "But when you're married to me, young lady——"

TOMMY wanted to knock the bounder down. What business of his—or of Allida Wade's or anyone's else—was it, if he and Clay wished to be together? Why should they have to excuse themselves to these people? Explain? Apologize? His ears burned with the preknowledge of the buzz of comment that would arise, once the door was closed behind them. Cheap! Vulgar!

"Tommy, darlingest!" Behind the closed door, on the landing, Clay swayed into his arms. "Old precious! I'm so glad you broke away!"

He kissed her hungrily, and then held her off to look into her happy, eager little face.

"Oh, Clay—Clay! I can't help it—I hate them all so!"

"Oh, they're all right. That Pearson egg is rather amusing." She dismissed them with a shrug. "Sweetheart, I do love you so!"

"I guess I'm just plain dumb," he told her. "But, Lord, how I detest that gang! How I hate their silly talk and their everlasting cheapness! They——"

Her eyes were wide. "But they're all the gang there is, Tommy!"

"They're not! I don't believe it!" They were out in the twilight on the Quai, with the musty, romantic fragrance of Paris wrapped about them. "Allida Wade says I'm old-fashioned and jealous. Maybe I am. But, oh, Clay——"

"I don't quite understand, Tommy. Maybe I'm dumb, too." She hung on his arm, looking up at his troubled young face. "Tommy, I'm no different from them! They're my crowd. If they're cheap and vulgar—why, so am I. If they——"

"*You!*" His eyes adored her. "You cheap, Clay! You're the——"

One gloved finger lifted and touched his lips. "You're in love with me, infant—now."

He shook his head impatiently. "Don't talk that way, Clay! 'Now'! What do you mean, 'now'? I'm in love with you—I'll always be in love with you!"

Her face was wistful. "I hope you will, Tommy. Seems as though I'd always love you, forever and ever and ever! But people don't, you know. Look at 'em!"

"We're not people—we're us!"

"Baby!"

He wished she wouldn't call him that—"baby," and "infant," and "little boy." Perhaps he was, though. Yet he was seven years her senior. And Clay, looking at him, wanted to pull his great body into her little lap and rock him, as though he were a child. He was so—so trusting! Of course it would be wonderful and glorious if they could continue this love! But people didn't.

"LET'S get away from it all, Clay! Somewhere together, where we can be decent and nice. Don't you hate it all, darling? All this smartness and cynicism and rot? There are nice people in the world, nice people who aren't eternally making love to one another's wives and husbands!" He had drawn her arm through his, and they walked slowly down the sidewalk, past the closed bookstalls, with the river pallidly sweeping along beside them, toward the little island.

"Oh, Tommy darling!" She was afraid for him, afraid that he would be hurt.

"What do you want, Clay? Out of life, I mean?" He was desperately earnest.

"Does it matter, Tommy? I mean—what is there? What have you got?" Her eyes were gloriously soft and tender. She wanted happiness as much as Tommy did, but happiness . . .

"As, for instance?" He smiled at her. "How about this? We'll take the next boat home. It's not July yet, and I don't have to begin work again until September. We'll find us a house, a real house in the country, Clay. And we'll fix it up, you and me, just as we want it. A home. We won't have anyone down——"

"'No friends or relations on week-end vacations,'" she sang, smiling back. "Tommy, are

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

BETSY KILGREW followed him into the pantry and sat on the broad shelf beside the sink.

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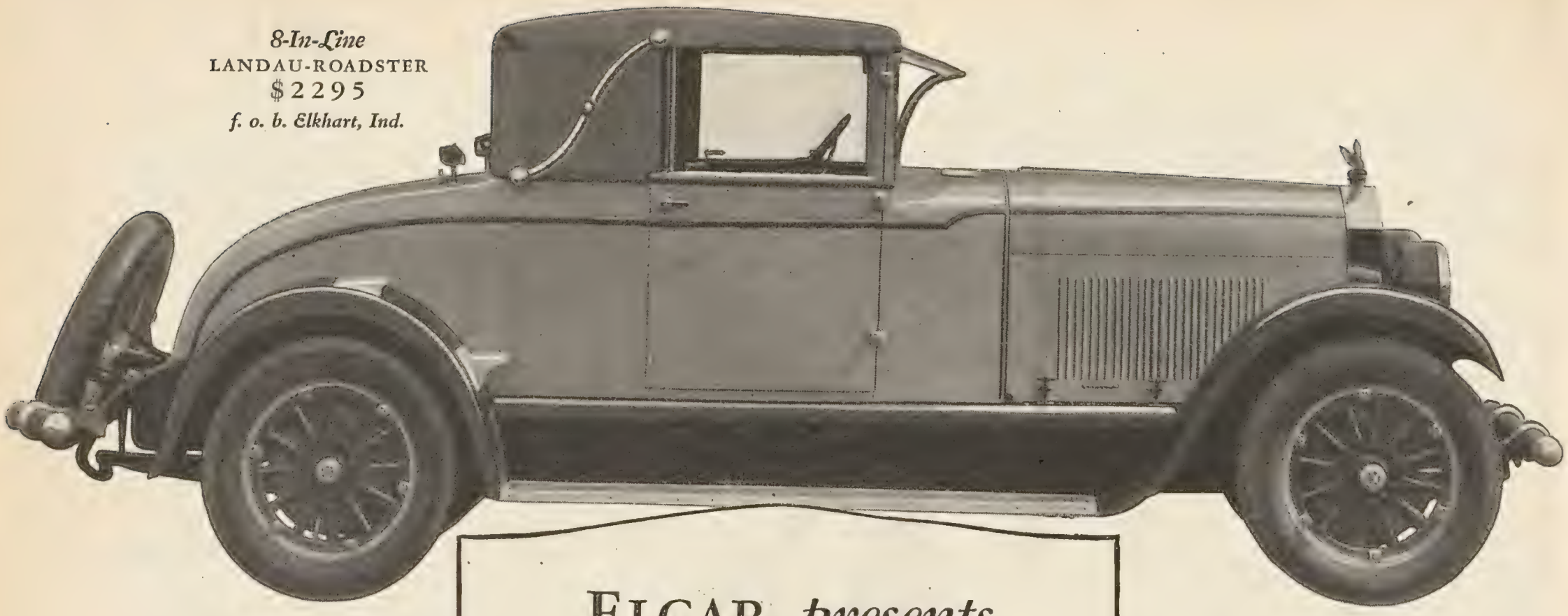

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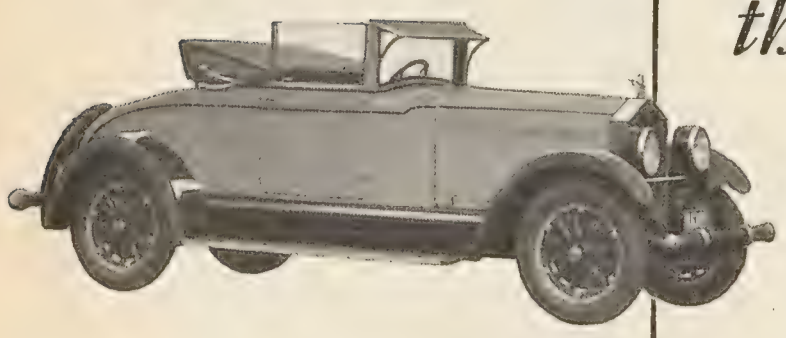

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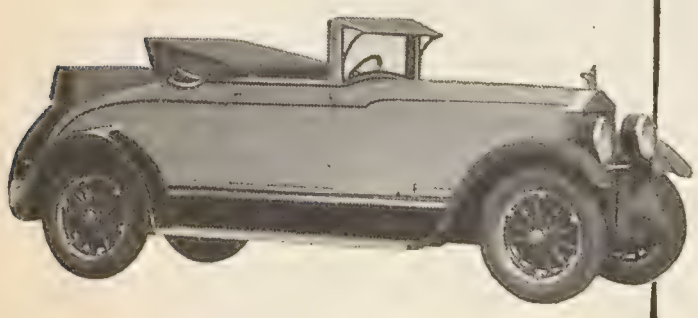

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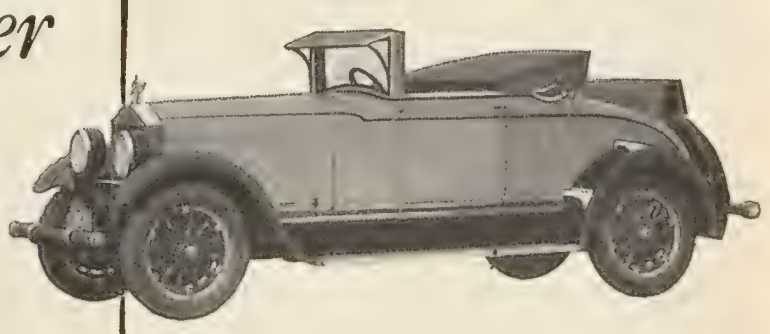

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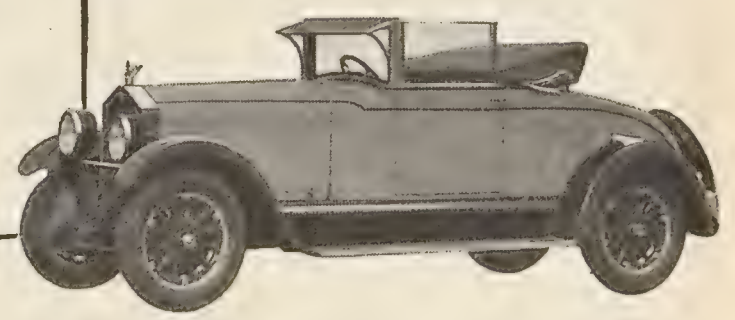

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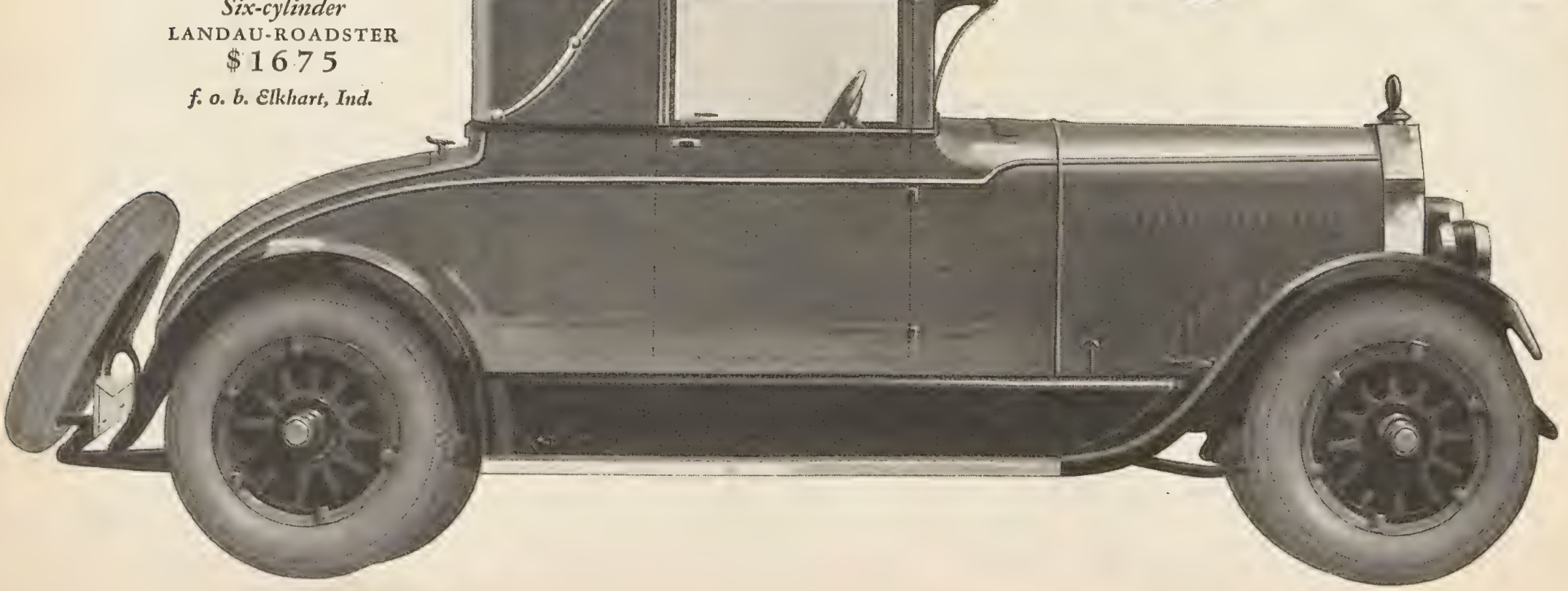


[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
you so sure I wouldn't bore you—just me?"

"You!"

She leaned against the parapet, almost dizzied by what she saw in his eyes, and looked down at the river, biting her lip. Yes, Tommy was sure that she wouldn't bore him! A house—with gardens—and perhaps a little brook. A home. What would that he like? A *home!*

"You know, Tommy," she said softly, still not looking at him, "I'm frightened. I'm afraid to—to care that much and to believe that much. I've never believed in anything that wasn't—smashed." She lifted her head and looked directly into his eyes. "It would be—awfully easy for me to believe, now; but, oh, Tommy, if anything happened!"

"What's to happen, Clay?" He put his hands on her shoulders gently. "Don't you believe in me?"

She gave a little shudder, and her lashes did not descend swiftly enough to catch the tears that had formed in her eyes. They rolled, glistening in the soft light of the gas lamps, down her cheeks.

"God help me, Tommy," she said in a whisper, "I do!"

II

THEY stood together in a doorway that was wreathed with honeysuckle. Behind them, their house was lighted; but ahead, looking straight down to the Sound, the country was fading into autumn twilight. Off in the thickets, tree toads buzzed, and in the little pond, smeared with the yellow and orange of the sunset, a frog croaked at the melting day.

"There's the evening star," said Tommy.

Clay leaned her head against his shoulder and looked up at it.

"'Star-light, star - bright; First star I've seen tonight.'"

What was there to wish for, on seeing the silver shimmer of that first star against the orange sky, but a continuation of Things as They Are? Her eyes closed for a moment, as she made her wish — Please, First Star, may everything keep on just as it is now, forever and ever!—and then they opened, with the slow, almost drugged languor of complete happiness.

"You look like a musical-comedy farmer, Clay!"

She smiled at him, and brushed some of the brown earth from her overalls with a grimy hand.

"I want to get the rest of these bulbs in before it's dark. Fall planting's fun, Tommy."

He dropped down to the doorstep—their doorstep — and sat watching her, drawing at his pipe contentedly. In a few minutes, Clay would come into the house to take her bath, and then perhaps they would run together, hand in hand, down the strip of grass that led to the shore. Back to the house to dress—Clay with her flying hair that so badly needed trimming and her hands scratched and sunburned. Dinner, like two grown-up children, alone together, and before them the long, cool evening, when they would walk together or sit together.

UP the driveway, through the dusk, the headlights of a car glowed yellow. Clay lifted her head, her lips parted.

"Hilda!" She scrambled to her feet and hurled herself, a slim, grimy little figure in blue overalls, into her friend's arms. "Hilda! Hilda! I never was so glad to see anyone in my life!"

Allida Wade dropped one hand, white and fragile, to his knee.

Her eyes glowed with excitement; her voice choked in her throat. "Gosh, don't you look pretty! And all clean and manicured and civilized!"

Hilda Owen looked at Clay and giggled. "Why—you dirty little thing!" She picked up one of Clay's hands and held it out for inspection. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself! And I've got Eric Pearson with me and we hope you're going to ask us to spend the night, as it's too late to get back to town, and what reputation I have will otherwise be shattered! Hello there, Tommy!"

"Hello, Hilda."

Eric Pearson emerged from the shadow of the car, his sport clothes properly pressed and creased and immaculate.

"D' you mind our butting in on you like this, Clay? We had a blowout and——"

"Of course we don't mind! We——"

"I want to see your house, Clay!" Hilda interrupted. "Isn't it adorable? And, fancy you, gardening away—good Lord, what marriage does do to people! We have a whole full gallon of gin in the car——"

"Oh, you must see the house!" said Clay. "We've worked and slaved so— It's just ready for parties. We'll have its christening tonight, won't we, Tommy?"

Tommy smiled. "Looks that way." And as her eyes held his, pleading, questioning, he slipped his arm about her. "Take Hilda upstairs, dear, and get dressed. Pearson and I'll fix some cocktails."

TO Clay, Hilda's presence was like a dimly remembered tune, unexpectedly played, and bringing with it a host of forgotten memories. "Then we went on to some night club or other—you know what Stan's like when he's tight—Betsy insisted on driving the taxi——" In the depths of the armchair, Hilda smoked innumerable cigarettes and chattered, while Clay, cross-legged on the bed, listened and tried to manicure her neglected nails.

"How is Betsy? Did Charlie ever get his divorce? And is Mimi Chandler still in love with Arch?" Clay's eyes grew wider and wider as one bit of gossip followed another. The old gang—it was glorious to hear about them all! How could she have been so near them all summer and not looked them up?

"You look happy—though married!" said Hilda at last.

"I am happy." The excited eyes softened, and Clay looked at her finger-tips in a sort of shyness. It would be difficult to explain to Hilda how happy she was. "Tommy's a good egg," she said.

There were many times during the evening when that odd sense of shyness returned to her—to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Watch This Column

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
Author of "THE COLLEGIANS"

It is rather a delicate thing to boost my own son publicly, and perhaps I will be criticized for it. But the way it strikes me, after considerable reflection, is, that if he has done something worthy, why shouldn't I give him the same credit as I would anyone else? Why should I lean backwards because he happens to be my own boy—something that he was not responsible for?

And he *has* done something worth while for UNIVERSAL. He has written a series of stories entitled *"THE COLLEGIANS"* in which he has brought forth Youth, the days of clean sport, and of healthy young men and women—like *your* sons and daughters. While the spirit of college life is there, it is not wholly dominant. There are other thrills which justify the most intense interest in people of all ages. We are making ten pictures of two reels each, and the progress so far has delighted me, aside from my natural parental interest.

The casts in *"THE COLLEGIANS"* are headed by GEORGE LEWIS, one of our rapidly-coming young stars whom many of you know, and HAYDEN STEVENSON, whom you will recall as the astute manager in the now famous *"Leather Pusher"* series. I think you are going to love this series because of the life, youth and beauty which each one presents.

I want you to see every one of the laughable comedies based on *"The Newlyweds and Their Baby"* from George McManus' comic cartoons; likewise those of *"The Gumps"* from Sid Smith's comic strip, and *"Buster Brown"* with his dog *"Tige"* from the celebrated funnies by R. F. Outcault. Watch for these and if you have the time and inclination, write me a personal letter about them—please.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of George Lewis

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

She Never Knew Why

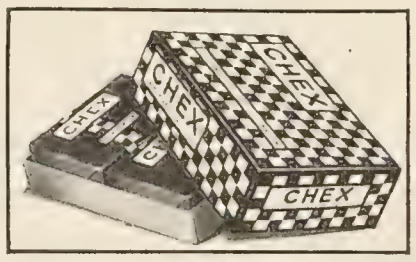
"Good night," she smiled as he made ready to leave, "I enjoyed the evening immensely."

"Thank you," he replied, "It's a pleasure to know that you did. May I call you again sometime?"

"Yes, do. I'd like for you to very much."
But like other men she had met, he never called.
She never knew why.

• • • • • •

Though quick to detect it on others,—you, yourself, seldom know when your own body is diffusing unpleasant odors of perspiration. Even after a fresh bath, the odors sometimes appear—unknown to yourself. That's the treacherous part of it.



To be on the safe side—use CHEX in the bath. CHEX is an exquisite soap combined with an odorless deodorant. It checks perspiration odors or any body odor for 36 hours or more! No other soap is like it. The abundant lather of CHEX penetrates to the very base of the pores. There—it banishes the **cause** of odors. It dissolves and washes away every particle of the decomposed body moisture and waste—unaffected by other soaps. And unlike other deodorants, it does not close the pores. It does not irritate or discolor the skin. It does not leave any odor of its own.

banishes dandruff
The most stubborn case of dandruff can be competely eliminated—by the regular use of CHEX for the shampoo. *Try It!*

CHEX is also an exquisite facial soap. In mildness and nourishing qualities, it compares with a cream. It keeps the pores clean, purified. It removes the "nap" or dead skin, insuring satiny smoothness. It refreshes the skin by refining the texture. And it gently whitens to a tone in harmony with your type and coloring. It does MORE than soap!

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10c Large Trial Size ☐

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[THE WHIRLWIND
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

her, Clay Forrester! When Hilda and Tommy went off in the car for more ginger ale—such a badly supplied household for drinking, her house and Tommy's was!—and Clay was left alone with Eric, she felt awkward and ill at ease.

"Of course you didn't really think we had a blowout, did you?" he asked her. "We planned to come here all the time. I've never forgotten you in Paris, Clay—you gave me a terrible wallop. Haven't been the same man since!"

She smiled vaguely.

"I wanted to inspect this marriage of yours. No signs of its cracking yet?"

She shook her head. "Not yet."

"Soon, I hope!" She was sitting by the fireplace, with the light on her yellow frock and the glow of the flames reflected on her smooth cheeks. "I wonder that some of your little girl friends don't capture you one day and clip your eyelashes, Clay! It isn't right or reasonable for any woman to have such long ones. Aren't you ever afraid you'll trip over them?"

The lashes swept her cheeks, in which color had risen. It was nice to have a man say things like that again.

THEY went back to New York the next day, and Clay stood, with Tommy, waving them goodby from the doorway beneath the honeysuckle.

"Well, Mrs. Hoyt?" he asked her, when their car had disappeared into the main road.

"It was good to see Hilda," she answered. "We ought to see more people. We don't want to get—oh, settled down, Tommy!"

"No-o-o." He looked out at the beds where she had planted her tulip bulbs. "Of course we don't." He smiled regretfully. "I'm afraid I've been an awful pig about you, Clay. You're a darling not to have been bored by just me, for so long." She started to protest, and he put his arm about her and drew her close. "Shall we ask some people down over next week-end?"

"Let's!" she agreed eagerly, and then wondered if she had seemed too eager. Tommy did so like to be alone with her!

But her misgivings were swept away and forgotten when the week-end arrived.

Tommy proved to be a delightful host. Nor was there, now, any lack of what Betsy Kilgrew described as drinking facilities.

She had followed him into the pantry and sat on the broad shelf beside the sink, swinging her legs and watching him squeeze oranges.

"Oughta get an electric machine," she chattered. "Mother swears that the next cocktail party she has, she's going to buy a coupla water-coolers and serve the drinks from the spigots! What odd and unexpected muscles you men must develop these days!"

"The better to quench your thirst, my child!" He smiled at her indulgently. She was a pretty kid, restless and discontented, with a drooping red mouth and eyes as blue as the waters of the Sound on a sunny day. Clay had had that same air of feverish, aimless activity when he first knew her.

"The little boy friend with the eyeglass certainly is smitten with your bride, Tommy!"

"Think so?" His voice was casual, but resentment rose within him.

Betsy grinned. "You'll have to get used to that! Clay's always been awf'ly popular, and matrimony usually makes a girl more attractive to men. Safer, I s'pose."

The phonograph was playing in the living-room. Through the blur of sound, Tommy heard his wife's laugh, clear and excited.

"Eric's not so bad, though," Betsy continued. "Useless sort of blighter; rather born for the role of tame robin. Ever notice those soulful eyes of his? All mushy, when he looks at Clay!" Her grin broadened and made her face impish as she watched the effect of her chatter. "Own eyes a bit green, Tommy?"

He caught himself. "Well, so long as he doesn't take *you* away from me, I can stand it," he replied, and stood smiling vaguely to himself as she swung down from the shelf and brushed his cheek with her lips, before she ran into the other room.

Gosh, he was doing it, too—making those inane remarks! They rubbed him the wrong way, somehow. Cheap! Vulgar!

A burst of laughter greeted him as he entered the living-room. Hilda was sitting on the arm of Theo Kilgrew's chair, and Clay, between Betsy and Eric on the couch, was obviously the target for their amusement.

SHE lifted a flushed face to him. "They're teasing me, Tommy—make 'em stop it!"

"Eric just wanted to know if Clay had been true to him," Betsy explained, "and then Hilda asked if—" She met Clay's eyes and paused. "Well, anyway, it wasn't a nice conversation for a young unmarried girl like me to hear! I'm glad you've come back. You can protect me, too, Tommy!"

"Give the poor innocent kid a drink, Hoyt," Eric Pearson said. "Clay and I've just decided to run away and support ourselves in luxury by dancing in a night club. Come on, Clay, and show this husband of yours how beautifully we step out together!"

"We've made up a step," Clay explained. "It's a kind of Charleston, but it has to be done to a hymn! Put on that record again, will you, Hilda?"

Jealous? Perhaps he was, after all. Certainly, as Tommy watched Clay's lithe young body swaying and bending in Pearson's arms, he was filled with an emotion that

was violent. Lounge lizard! Pearson's grasp tightened about her for an instant, as the record ended. Tommy reached out for his drink and drained the glass. He felt so helpless in his annoyance. If he could be sure that it was just disapproval of this sort of life, and not jealousy! If there only were someone, someone older, to whom he could talk . . .

Clay came over and rested her head against his shoulder. "I love you, my dear."

The tightness in his throat relaxed. Why, Clay was the person to talk to, of course! There were no troubles, no problems he could not take to her!

IT was late when the six of them climbed the stairs to go to bed. Betsy was a little drunk, and Hilda, casually competent as ever, shooed her ahead into their room.

"'Night, everyone!"

Eric Pearson lifted Clay's hand to his lips. He murmured something in an undertone, and she smiled.

"Good night, Eric!"

The door of their room was closed behind them, and Tommy took her swiftly into his arms.

"You're bothered about something, Tommy!"

His eyes lighted gratefully. She saw, of course—his little Clay!

"What is it, dearest?"

He picked her up and carried her to the big chair, drew her head to his shoulder. Through the open window the moonlight streamed into the room, sparkling on the silver ribbons of her negligee tossed over one of the bedposts.

"It's the same old thing. Clay, I don't want us to be like them!"

She sat up and took his face between her hands. Her eyes were brimming with tenderness and understanding.

"Tommy, do you really think we could?"

Tommy's own eyes fell, beneath the steadiness of her gaze.

"I used to be the doubting one, didn't I? I was so afraid to believe—oh, that it could go on forever and ever! I didn't want to be hurt, dearest." Her lips parted in a smile and she looked happily, dreamily past him. "I'm vulnerable now, all right—but I don't care. You could 'most kill me, Tommy, by not loving me. But I'm not afraid."

He held her close. "Little Clay! I hate all this drinking and flirting and playing around. It seems so cheapening — as though it could rub off something beautiful and—oh, I don't know!"

"I know," she told him gravely. "But don't you think our love is big enough to stand that?"

"I hate to have any man touch you, Clay! It just shrivels my soul! And when I see you smiling and——"

Her breath caught, at the cold glitter of his eye. Sometimes he frightened her, this earnest young husband of hers.

"You're not, by any chance, jealous, Tommy?" she asked him. "I suppose I've flirted with Eric. He's amusing and all that. But it's just habit. He says one thing and I say the next; like putting one foot ahead of the other. It doesn't mean anything."

"But where does it take you, Clay?"

She kissed him swiftly. "Back to you, Tommy—always. There's no other man. There never could be!"

"What did he say to you—tonight in the hall, when you were saying good night?"

"Oh, Tommy!" She laughed, and ran her fingers through his fair hair. "I don't even remember—honestly! Some silly thing or other. Darling, don't you trust me?"

"Of course I do. But—my heavens, Clay, how I love you!" He blinked, and she saw that tears had come into his eyes. "Just you—forever and ever. Lord, how we could hurt each other, now!"

"Thomas Hoyt!" She stood up and looked at him, humorously reproachful. "What a little gloom you are! Stand up here and put your hands on my shoulders!" He obeyed, looking at her with eyes brimming over. "I love you more than anything else in the world. Just you! No one else could touch me, darling!"

"OH, I'm a pig! It's just that I love you so much—" They clung to each other. "I think I could die right now, Clay. Having you love me makes me happier than any human being has a right to be. It's—it's heaven!"

"Old darling!" She slipped off her dress, got into her nightgown and shimmering negligee. "I wonder if Hilda put out the lights? What an old housewife I'm getting to be, aren't I?"

She opened their door and went out into the hall, her bare heels shell pink above the black satin of her mules. Lights on everywhere! She tiptoed down the stairs, the loose slippers clumping softly, snapped off the living-room lights, and returned. For an instant she stood in the center of the square hall, smiling to herself. How pretty it was, with the daffodil-yellow walls, the green rug, and the green-painted doors leading into the bedrooms!

A door opened soundlessly, and Eric Pearson, in a blue dressing-gown, peered out at her.

"Oh, hello! I'm just putting out the lights," she told him, turning toward her room. "Good night, again, Eric."

He took two long steps to her side and suddenly crushed her against him, bending back her head and kissing her squarely on her mouth.

"Clay, you're the loveliest thing in the world! You——"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He *could be* so attractive

What was it that kept him socially submerged?

TALL—slender—good features. An interesting talker—an excellent dancer. Yet somehow he never held the interest of any girl for long.

He was fairly popular with men—but girls would look him over carefully and then just as carefully overlook him.

* * *

A great many young men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. Few realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you to overcome this handicap by giving you a clean, clear, ruddy complexion.

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⅓ of a 60c jar for 10c

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST

BAKING POWDER

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND

[THE WHIRLWIND
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

Her hands pushed against his chest. "Eric, you're crazy!" she whispered sharply. "Let me go!"

A curious sound that was not quite a laugh made them turn toward the door of Clay's room.

"You couldn't remember what he told you tonight, in the hall," said Tommy. "Do you remember now, Clay?"

"Tommy!" She ran toward him, and he looked at her with eyes as hard as stones. "Tommy, you don't think——"

"We're different from the rest, aren't we! Oh, my God, how different we are!" He opened the bedroom door with a sweeping gesture and followed her inside.

"*Tommy!*" The heavy color that had rushed into her cheeks drained away.

"'Our love is so big'—oh, God!" He stared at her with eyes that had not a flicker of pity in their hardness.

"Tommy, I couldn't help it. It wasn't my fault. I just——"

"Oh, I suppose you were swept off your feet — isn't that the phrase? You said in Paris that you were no different from the rest of them and I didn't believe it. My mistake!"

"Tommy, you mustn't talk like that! You must listen to me!" She came toward him slowly. "I love you, Tommy. I——"

"DON'T let's begin that farce again!" He moved across the room.

"Where are you going?" She backed against the door, arms outstretched. "Tommy, you've got to let me explain! You——"

"I'd rather you didn't." He stood before her, looking steadily, contemptuously at her. "I suppose I've always known it—known it ever since we were married. Remember what you said in the church?"

Clay stared at him.

"Nothing could be as important as all that! You were right, weren't you, Clay?" His eyes were pitiless, hostile. "I'll sleep downstairs, Clay—I'd hate to interrupt your good night to Pearson a third time!"

He opened the door, and she sank slowly into a little heap on the floor.

"Clay!"

She looked up dully at Eric Pearson, standing in the doorway.

"What do you want?"

His face was drawn. "Clay, I'm so sorry! I——"

"Sorry?" She looked at him vaguely. "You needn't be." Her voice was thin. "I've had three happy months. I s'pose that's more than most people have."

She got up and closed the door. Three happy months!

Suddenly sobs shook her, vehemently, terribly. She flung herself on the bed and buried her face in the pillows in panic.

Clay, struggling to find a reason for living, and failing, always failing, until— But we'll let you find out for yourself the desperate step she takes—in next week's installment.

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AN important luncheon engagement—you want to look your best . . . Yet—

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Send free sample of Stacomb as checked:—Cream □, Liquid □.
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The WET -and- DRY Blanket

Picture by R. B. FULLER

How It Is Smothering Other Political Issues

An Article by

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

THE elections this autumn will show which way the wind is blowing on the prohibition question. The depth and extent of the reaction against bone-dry national prohibition is to be tested, particularly in States in which wet sentiment is of enormous, if not of predominant, volume.

In New York the drys will endeavor to defeat for re-election Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Republican, who voted against the Eighteenth Amendment but for the Volstead act, and helped pass the latter over President Wilson's veto. Now he is advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the substitution therefor of a grant of power to Congress that would permit Federal control of the liquor business, as in Quebec.

There also is to be a referendum in New York on an amendment of the Volstead act to permit nonintoxicating beer and wine by State option.

The drys in Pennsylvania will try to keep out of the Senate Representative William S. Vare, who won the Republican nomination on a beer and light wine platform, defeating Senator George Wharton Pepper, who opposed modification, and Governor Gifford Pinchot, a rampant prohibitionist.

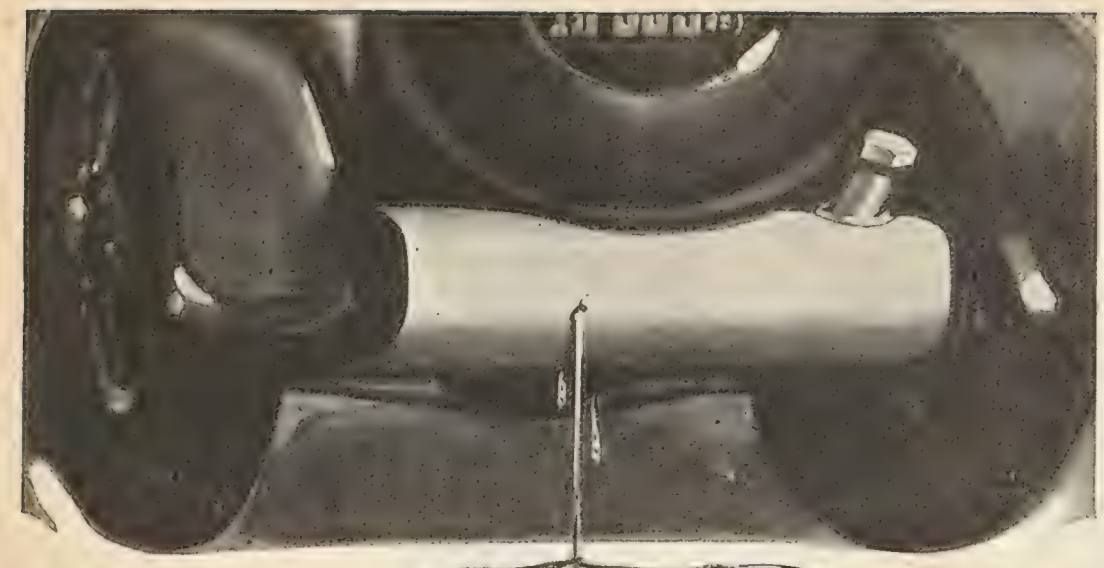
In Illinois, George Brennan, Democratic national committeeman, is candidate for Senator, advocating State option as to beer and wine, and there is to be a State referendum on the modification question.

In Wisconsin, Ohio, Montana, New Jersey, Maryland, and other States the issue will figure prominently in the elections.

What the country hears now, according to the wets, is the premonitory rumbling heralding the real battle in 1928. They do not expect to achieve modification this year or next, but they do expect to win conspicuously in the elections in those States where the question will be an issue next November and to insure thereby a national show-down two years hence.

They are confident that unless the matter should be disposed of earlier, by national referendum or otherwise, the people will de-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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For every ten gallons you buy you are losing five! That's a startling statement, but true. You are getting just half the power, half the mileage you should out of your gasoline! For now an amazing new invention—a ridiculously simple little device—makes any car give twice its regular mileage to the gallon! You can sell from five to twenty in one demonstration. Splendid for spare time work.

Earn $34 to $69 a Day

WITH this wonderful new invention auto owners in all parts of the country have chalked up records of from 37 to 57 miles and even up to 61 miles on a gallon of gasoline. Every day we hear of some new record—some difficult feat such as pulling a car through deep sand, or up a mountain, on half the usual gas.

And now this amazing new invention is making fortunes for agents and distributors. Now you too can make big money — just telling your friends about it. J. M. James made $120 in one day! Vernon Gaines netted $94 in eight hours. J. W. Cronk made $52 in just **one hour!** You can easily earn astonishing big profits in full or spare time—many are earning $34 to $69 a day.

Fits Any Make or Model Car

Here's how this wonderful little device works — how it adds more power and mileage to any make or model car. Every carburetor is adjusted to make starting easy. But once the engine gets heated up the mixture is far too rich, resulting in faulty explosion. Half the gasoline is drawn into the cylinders in a raw state and, instead of exploding, it burns. This causes a heavy deposit of carbon.

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A Carbon Remover

Not only does this invention save half the gasoline, but it also saves the expense and time of having carbon scraped out—a job costing from $5 to $25.

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To introduce this new invention, Mr. Stransky, the inventor, will send a sample at his own risk. Not only that, but he will actually pay you for testing his Vaporizer if you are not delighted with it! Write at once for his proposition.

Make $250 to $500 A Month

The demand for the Stransky Vaporizer is enormous. Agents handling this device are simply coining money. Every auto owner in the country—and there are twenty million of them—wants this splendid new invention the minute he sees it. You can sell from five to twenty in one demonstration. Splendid for spare time work. Many former agents are cleaning up enormous incomes as distributors and crew managers. Farmers with no sales experience are sending in orders in 100 lots, netting them two to three hundred dollars. This may sound like big money. It is big money—it is a big proposition — the biggest ever brought to your attention.

Just send the coupon at once for full details of our introductory sample offer. Be the man to cash in big in your community. Mail the coupon right now—today!

Agent Earns $120 a Day

I have found out that the Stransky will do what you said it would. I took forty orders in one day, and wasn't out long. My Ford runs better than it ever did. I can save half the gas and it pulls better. —J. M. James.

$147.50 in One Day

My profits for one day were $147.50. In one week I made $280. Yes, I am always on the job.—S. E. Herrick, Ore.

$48 in 3 Hours

My gas bill has been cut nearly in half. I have removed every particle of carbon from my engine. Since I installed it, my engine runs as good as new, starts easier and quicker. I went out Saturday about three hours and secured 16 orders.—J. A. Williams.

Sells 500 in One Day

My best day's sales were 500 vaporizers; the next was 350; at another time I sold 23 in 35 minutes, and at another time 27 in 45 minutes.—W. B. Eberlein.

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Tell me how I can get samples of the Stransky Vaporizer at your risk. Also tell me how I can make from $34 to $69 a day as your distributor. This does not obligate me in any way.

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Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....

[THE WET AND DRY BLANKET Continued from Page Thirty-three]

cide in 1928, by the President they choose and the Congress they elect, whether the prohibition law is to be modified or is to be retained in bone dryness.

The drys are no less confident that they will win the State referendums this year and defeat Wadsworth, Brennan, and other wet candidates for the Senate and House and thereby scotch the modification movement. They believe that if they win conspicuously this year, the modification movement will not endure till 1928.

The tests upon which the eyes of the nation will be fixed with breathless interest, as the election draws nigh, will be the New York referendum and the fate of Senator Wadsworth. How New York votes on the question of modification, which necessarily includes Wadsworth, will be a momentous matter.

New York is the progenitor and the stronghold of modification, so none but the drys will be greatly surprised if it votes affirmatively on it. But if New York voted dry, it would indicate that, even in the wet East, the wets are more noisy than numerous.

Though he voted against the Eighteenth Amendment in the Senate, Wadsworth was as radical as the Anti-Saloon League itself when it came to carrying the amendment into effect by means of the Volstead act. For several years he exerted his influence against wet legislation at Albany. But now his views have undergone a change and he has earned the condemnation of the drys by advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment eventually and indorsing the New York referendum on modification immediately.

REALIZING that they could not defeat Wadsworth for renomination by his party, the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and the Methodist Church held a conference in New York City and mapped out a program to defeat him in the election by organizing a dry bolt from the Republican ticket. They picked Franklin K. Cristman, a former New York State Senator, as an independent dry candidate for Senator in the November election.

If the drys succeed in splitting the Republican Party, the result may be the election of the Democratic candidate for Senator, who will be as wet as Wadsworth. The drys figure that with the wets divided between Wadsworth and his Democratic opponent, Cristman will breeze in. The Republican organization figures that the influence of party regularity will hold the up-State drys in line for Wadsworth.

Accepting the challenge of the drys, Wadsworth wrote a letter in which he came out as a 100 per cent wet, stating that "in effect, the Eighteenth Amendment represents an attempt to compel 100,000,000 persons to become and remain total abstainers" and that, as a result of prohibition, "the country is today deluged with hypocrisy and corruption."

P. and A.

Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York, wet Republican candidate for re-election.

In the meantime, the drys had charged that a conspiracy was afoot whereby the wet Democrats were to nominate a weak candidate for Senator and support Wadsworth, while the wet Republicans were to sacrifice any chance of winning the governorship and support Al Smith for another term.

That roused the ire of Leader Olvany of Tammany Hall. He denied the charge of conspiracy, asserted that the Democrats saw an opportunity of electing a candidate for Senator, and denounced the record of Wadsworth.

TAKING their cue apparently from the utterance of Olvany, the Democratic delegation in Congress from New York, twenty-two strong, issued a fiery denunciation of Wadsworth for trying to climb aboard their band wagon. They accused him of bad faith and called up his voting record on dry legislation to prove their point.

However, Senator Borah, acknowledged prohibition premier, after a speech in which he charged New York with disloyalty and an attempt to nullify the Constitution because it proposes a referendum on the issue, applauded him. He said Wadsworth was making the right sort of fight in going to the source rather than to seek modification. Wayne B. Wheeler, on the contrary, said Wadsworth was not seeking repeal but legalization of light wines and beer.

© Henry Miller

George E. Brennan, Illinois' wet hope for Senator.

The fact that these two high priests of the dry oligarchy differ as to the intent of Wadsworth will not prevent their working together for his defeat by the dry candidate.

Party lines apparently are destined to go to smash in the elections this year wherever a wet candidate is opposed by a dry. In Illinois, Brennan will receive an enormous wet Republican vote, perhaps sufficiently large to compass the election of a Democrat in that overwhelmingly Republican State.

In Pennsylvania the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. already are calling on all faithful prohibitionists in the Republican

Party to scratch Vare and vote for former Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, who is the Democratic candidate for Senator and bone dry. In retaliation, the wet Democrats have proclaimed their intention to support Vare, Representative Gallivan of Massachusetts, Democrat, having organized a flying squadron of modification orators to stump Pennsylvania for the wet Republican candidate.

Pennsylvania is so overwhelmingly Republican, however, that it is doubtful if Vare could be defeated, even if all Republicans who place prohibition above party were to bolt. This is because harmony has been restored to Republican ranks in the Keystone State.

The Mellons—Uncle Andrew in the Treasury at Washington and Nephew William in the bank at Pittsburgh—were unable to prevent the nomination of Vare for Senator. Vare was unable to prevent the nomination of Mr. Fisher, the Mellons' candidate, for Governor. Neither side triumphed and each needs the other in the election.

Who is to succeed the late Boise Penrose as political boss of Pennsylvania, or whether there is to be any one boss, remains for time to develop. Apparently, for the time being, the political rulers of the State will be Vare in Philadelphia and the Mellons in Pittsburgh.

Andrew J. Mellon, whose millions failed to nominate Pepper.

P. & A.
William B. Wilson, dry Democrat, opposing Vare for Senator in Pennsylvania.

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William S. Vare, wet Republican, who defeated Pepper in senatorial primaries.

BECAUSE Vare won the nomination as a beer and wine protagonist, the wets pronounced the State in favor of modification. Whereupon the drys retorted that, inasmuch as Vare was nominated by a minority of the votes cast, the wets are in the minority and would not have won had the drys not been divided between Pepper and Pinchot. Vare received in round numbers 600,000 votes; Pepper 525,000; and Pinchot 335,000. So in a total vote of 1,460,000, argue the drys, the wets numbered 600,000 and the drys 860,000.

This failed to convince the wets, who were doing some calculating of their own. They subtracted from Pepper the wet votes delivered to Pepper by the Mellon organization in western Pennsylvania, and from Pinchot the wet coalminers' vote delivered to the Governor by John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers.

Even the Senate tried to figure out the Pennsylvania primary problem, but got nowhere. Senator Bruce of Maryland, Democrat, in the course of a discussion in the Senate, analyzed the returns and stated his conviction that "Mr. Vare could not have been chosen except because he was the champion of the wet cause." Thereupon Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, Republican, a Pepper supporter, declared the results too jumbled to permit the drawing of intelligent conclusions.

Senator Bruce asked Mr. Reed if he did not think Senator Pepper "would have been nominated if he could have conscientiously announced that he was wet."

"No, I do not think so," Senator Reed answered. "I am only speculating, of course, when I say that."

"Is it not a fact, I will ask the Senator from Pennsylvania," interrupted Senator Borah of Idaho, "that Vare could not have been nominated under any circumstances if he had not been notoriously wet?"

"Yes, I think that is a fact," Senator Reed conceded.

Borah is such an outstanding opponent of the modification movement that the drys are talking of running him for President in 1928; but in the interest of truth and accuracy, the Idaho Senator felt compelled to point out that the wet candidate had won for no reason but that he was wet.

"I would like to state," continued Senator Reed, "that the question of prohibition or anti-prohibition did obscure all other issues in the State. We did our best to subordinate that question to its proper place in the scheme of things, but as far as I could discover, a very large number of the voters of Pennsylvania did not care whether the man for whom they voted knew anything about foreign affairs, about banking and currency, about taxation and finance, about military or naval affairs, about railroads, or about shipping. They just shut their eyes and voted for a wet or a dry, and as long as the voters of Pennsylvania continue to vote like a lot of dunderheads in that way, they deserve what they got."

"Oh, they were not dunderheads," retorted Senator Bruce amid laughter. "They asked in the language of Emerson: 'For what avail land or life, if freedom fail?'"

ONE of the most sensational aspects of the battle between the wets and the drys in the Pennsylvania primary is the disclosure by the Senate investigating committee of the enormous expenditures in behalf of the Republican primary candidates to influence the result of the balloting. Some $2,000,000 was spent, the greater part to finance the campaigns of the two dry candidates, Senator Pepper and Governor Pinchot.

For the Pepper ticket $1,100,000 was raised and disbursed; for Pinchot $200,000; and for Vare $600,000. This outpouring of cash to influence an election broke all records for a contest confined to a single State.

SENATOR REED of Pennsylvania blames the direct primary system for the gigantic expenditures in nominating campaigns, declaring that the old convention scheme of the choice of candidates was far simpler and less expensive.

The big problem of the Mellons in their effort to nominate Pepper was to carry normally wet localities for a dry candidate. In wringing wet Philadelphia they failed. But in equally wringing wet Pittsburgh they succeeded.

It cost between $300,000 and $400,000 to carry Pittsburgh for the dry candidate. In the wet wards that normally would have supported Vare, the Pepper campaign managers hired thousands of polling-place "watchers" at five and ten dollars each.

The proportion of "watchers" to voters was so great that Senator Reed of Missouri, chairman of the Senate investigating committee, pronounced the practice tantamount to the purchase of votes and calculated that this item of expense made the average cost of each Pittsburgh vote for Pepper $4.14.

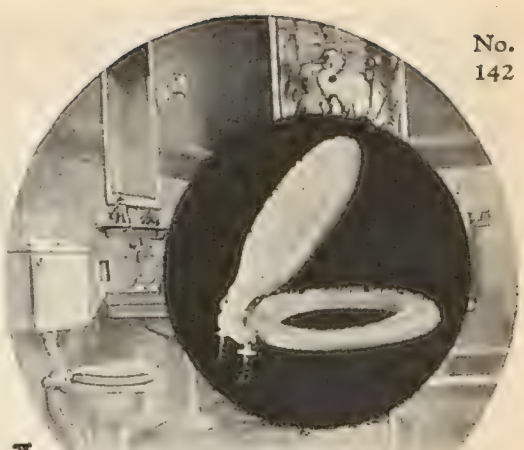
Vare also employed "watchers," making the cost of his Pittsburgh vote three dollars a head.

In the course of the senatorial inquiry, Reed of Missouri, most ardent of wets, got Wayne B. Wheeler on the stand. Ostensibly seeking to ascertain what part the Anti-Saloon League had played in the Pennsylvania spending orgy, he turned his examination into a probe of the League's activities.

Most important of the admissions he drew from Wheeler was that some of the more vociferous dry advocates in Congress had been paid by the League for stumping the country in behalf of prohibition. Among the alleged recipients of expense money or "honorarium" in this work were Senators Willis and Fess, Republicans, of Ohio; Senator Robinson, Republican, of Indiana; Senator Jones, Republican, of Washington, and Representative Upshaw, Democrat, of Georgia; Lowrey, Democrat, of Mississippi; and Cooper, Republican, of Ohio.

Senator Willis denied that he accepted pay for dry speeches and, with Senator Robinson, sought to purge himself by declaring he never had accepted expense money for any speeches he made in his own State. The others did not offer alibis, and Upshaw went so far as to say he was proud of the work for which he had been compensated by the League.

THE END



No. 142

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Golf's Thrice-Crowned Monarch

Some Sidelights on How Bobby Jones Led the American Invaders to Victory on British Greens

An Article by

O. B. KEELER

THE two great open championships of the 1926 golfing season—the American and the British—are over, and we find Bobby Jones, who started this season with the United States amateur crown on his blond brow, now trying deftly to balance three coronets on his head without draping one over either ear.

For the first time in history—regardless of the outcome of the 1926 American amateur championship tourney—we have an official world's champion in golf. It has been a pet fancy of recent years to get the British open champion and the American open champion together in an encounter heralded as a match for the unofficial championship of the world. There will be no such match in 1926, unless

Acme photo

Bobby Jones playing an iron from the fifteenth tee in the final round of the British open at St. Anne's.

Acme photo

Al Watrous, young American pro, runner-up to Jones in the British open, playing the same shot from the same tee as Bobby watches the ball. (Note tenseness of gallery.)

Bobby Jones decides to play it all by himself.

In the space of seventeen days, with an Atlantic voyage between, Bobby won the British and American open titles. He sits on top of the golf world with a record that has never been approached, and, in the opinion of exceedingly conservative critics, never is likely to be approached. Our own land has been well plastered with the details of Bobby's amazing victory in the American open at Columbus, Ohio, in July. But the invasion of Britain by Bobby Jones and Jess Sweetser, the Walker Cup team, and debonair American professionals—that constitutes an Odyssey, no less.

These "laughing Americans"—the singing amateurs and the more serious professionals—finishing the most complete golfing sweep that ever devastated a sporting nation, left our British cousins with a problem. And the Americans also brought away something—the memory of huge galleries superbly conducted; of fine sportsmanship by golfers, spectators, and critics alike; of intelligent and generous comment by the British press while British golf was taking its severest drubbing.

There was just a pinch of dry light sand in a huge bunker along the seventeenth fairway at St. Anne's, when Bobby Jones played the shot that won him the championship. A pinch

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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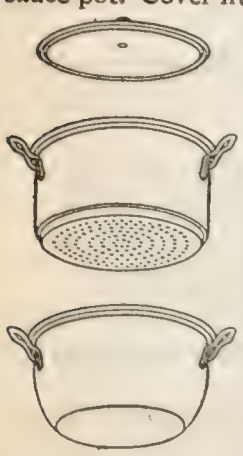

The Uses—For steaming breads, fruit cake, puddings, corn, etc.: for reheating cooked foods without drying them out: for keeping a plate dinner hot.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

of dry sand under the ball, that his club must shave but not take; a thimbleful of white sand that would have wrecked his shot and his round and lost him the championship had his No. 4 iron swung a sixteenth of an inch too deep.

Al Watrous, the young American professional, was Bobby's companion all that last day and fought with him that tremendous duel. Those boys spent the luncheon intermission in the same room, resting and speculating on the great Walter Hagen, then finishing his round. Watrous had outshot Bobby that morning, with 69 to Bobby's 73, and stood two strokes ahead of him and the field. As soon as they could get away from the course, Bobby said:

"Come on, Al. Let's beat it back to the hotel and rest. It's the worst thing in the world, hanging around the club and watching the others finish."

Bobby is a couple of years younger than Al, but older in tournament play. I went back with the boys to the room Bobby and I shared, and they took off their shoes and stretched out.

I heard Bobby telling Al that going to sleep was an awful thing to do between rounds. So Bobby and Al talked, and the last thing Bobby said was:

"Now, Al, remember this—the winner and the runner-up must be in this pair!"

He was right, but what a battle it was! Bobby, with five holes left, was two down. He finished the last five holes four-three-four-four-four, one of the toughest pars in the world, in a wind and under the savage strain of the last round of an open championship. To win, he was compelled at the seventeenth to discharge a shot that will live forever in British golfing history.

When Bobby and Al had finished their round, only Walter Hagen had a chance to catch Bobby.

Bobby went up to the club's smoking-room to wait for the verdict, and the winners of forty national championships came in to salute him and sit with him. Harry Vardon, the old master, and John Henry Taylor and James Braid were there with sixteen open championships among them. Big Ted Ray and George Duncan and Harold Hilton, last of the amateurs to win the British open championship in 1897, five years before Bobby was born; and John Morris of Hoylake, seventy-eight years old, the oldest professional in golf. Bobby sat very quiet and solemn, and the rumors began to come in from the course.

First, we heard that Hagen was two under fours for the first six holes. That meant he could win. Bobby said the Haig was a great finisher, and assent was general. We heard he had reached the turn in thirty-four, which meant that a thirty-seven coming home would win. He probably could do it. I admit I couldn't stand the gaff as Bobby could. I went down to the press room and there was a reporter at a telephone talking to his newspaper.

"Hagen reached the turn in thirty-six," he said. "He started back in four-five-four-five."

I went right back to the smoking-room and shook hands wth Bobby. Even the great Haig, toughest finisher of them all, could not pick up three strokes on Old Man Par in the last grim string of holes.

BOBBY took thirty-nine putts in that last round of seventy-four. Only a great and courageous golfer could have done a round of seventy-four, with thirty-nine putts, and that round the last in a British open championship.

But you must give the Haig credit. He came to the last two holes with two threes for a tie, and on the seventeenth he missed his three by a scant inch. That left him a two for the last hole.

He got a whale of a drive, and pitched for the pin. He could have got a four after that drive and tied for second, but he banged for the pin, the ball ran over into a bunker, and he took his first six in the seventy-two holes, and a tie for third place with George von Elm.

What was back of the Haig's green eyes as he stood there, a hundred yards from the pin, with a single stroke left to tie? I asked him on the Aquitania, coming home. He said:

"Well, I thought I *might* make it. You never can tell. And, of course, I hit it hard enough to get it to the hole. I have played a lot of golf, but I never saw the hole come up to meet the ball yet."

Now, that shot of Bobby's on the seventeenth hole:

Bobby had just got level with Watrous and there were two holes left to play. On the first Watrous had a good drive, while Bobby was pulled to a clean but perilous lie on the sand of a bunker along the left side of the fairway. Between him and the treacherous small green was a jumble of sandy hills and hummocks. The ball must carry to the green, all the way, and then stop short or run over into more grief.

Bobby pulled a No. 4 iron, the club next stronger than a mashie. The shot was about 170 yards, a stiff poke with that weapon, but the ball must bite as it touched the green. Bobby addressed the ball with no uncertainty, and swung. A thin feather of white sand spurted. The ball was a tiny white globule, high in the afternoon sunlight, on its way to the green.

History had repeated itself. The master shot over water that won for Bobby the American open championship at Inwood in 1923 was duplicated in this master shot from the sand that won him the British open. Nothing less than cold perfection would have sufficed in either case.

That it meant the championship, was agreed. For Watrous was a bit short with his approach, took three putts, lost a stroke, and went into second place.

And that was the British open championship, with the first American amateur to win it, and the first amateur of any nationality to win it in twenty-nine years; with four Americans, all native-born, leading the field—Bobby Jones and George von Elm, amateurs; Watrous and Hagen, professionals; and Von Elm and Hagen tied for third place, four strokes ahead of the nearest Briton. We had seven United States golfers and one South American in the first ten.

Now we turn to Muirfield and St. Andrews, and the heroic performance of Jess Sweetser,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

Roland MacKenzie of Washington, D. C., nineteen-year-old member of Walker Cup team, playing out of a trap on the eighteenth hole at Muirfield in his match with Dennis H. Kyle of Roehampton, England, in the British Amateur Championship, which he lost by one hole. The photograph furnishes an excellent idea of the terrain common to a Scotch golf course.

[GOLF'S THRICE-CROWNED MONARCH
Continued from Page Forty-one]

the first native American to win the British amateur championship: for Walter Travis, who won the title in 1904, was born in Australia, although an American citizen. In passing, let me mention that the American professional team at Wentworth, in a big money match, suffered the only real American reverse of the entire excursion, taking a lacing at the hands of ten British pros. Headed by Ted Ray, the home guard trimmed our boys, captained by Walter Hagen, 13½ to 1½ points. Wild Bill Mehlhorn was the lone American to win a match.

The luck of the draw at Muirfield—there were 216 entrants drawn for match play—set the Americans cutting each other's weasands early. Ouimet beat Von Elm in the second round, and was then defeated by Sweetser in the third. Sweetser went on to win the championship after Bobby Jones had killed off the British champion, Robert Harris, eight to six, and then was himself put out by Andrew Jamieson.

Sweetser's play was always good enough to win, but the sequel at St. Andrews shows the handicap under which he was playing, and it is the heroic story of the invasion.

IN the fifth round Watts Gunn encountered the Hon. W. Brownlow, a charming youth who cares little about golf and plays it extremely well.

After Watts had been trounced by Brownlow, I asked him if he knew his conqueror was a musician.

"I don't know if he can play a violin," said Watts feelingly, "but he certainly can make music with a brassie. And the way he rings the bell with a putter, he must be a Swiss!"

Brownlow gave Sweetser his longest battle. The tall boy was two down and two to play, and in the most nonchalant manner he canned a thirty-foot putt to win the seventeenth hole and a twenty-footer to win the eighteenth. Sweetser was saved by a lapse in Brownlow's putting at the nineteenth hole, and finally beat him at the twenty-first.

The final match—between Sweetser and Simpson—seemed rather easy for Jess at the time. Now a few of us know how the boy must have been battling, and the fact that he could finish at all is one of the marvels of sport.

After the cup presentation, the Singing Americans assembled in the main lounge of that impeccable club house, the home of the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, and started singing.

Francis Ouimet, Bill Fownes, and Sweetser are what I would call occasional singers—they sing on every occasion. Jess didn't sing now, but sat quietly in a corner while his mates, supported by Linde Fowler, Biff Bowker, Henry Lapham, Dr. Rixey, and the American Johnnie Walker Cup team—the newspaper correspondents—raised the ringing echoes of that sacred club with good old Yankee chansons.

I noticed the dignified members of the Honorable Company beginning to assemble, their eyes just a shade wider than usual. Then I saw George Greenwood of the *Telegraph* and Frank Carruthers of the *Standard*.

"What in the world?" Frank was asking.

"What's the matter?" I inquired in turn. "Don't they sing here?"

"My God—no!" said George.

But the members seemed to like it. One approached me a bit diffidently and said:

"Would you mind asking them to sing Drunk Last Night again? It's quite the best thing they do."

Without inquiring as to a possible *double entendre*, I made the request, and the gang let them have both barrels.

St. Andrews found the Singing Americans hot favorites to defeat the British Walker Cup team. Here we got a surprise. Unaccustomed to foursome competition, where two partners play alternate strokes with the same ball, we expected to lose three of the four matches, but we felt the boys could make up the difference in the singles. But we won three out of four points in the foursomes, and three and one-half out of eight points in the singles. We retained the cup by the skimpy margin of six and a half to five and a half. Bobby Jones and Watts Gunn overwhelmed their opponents, Tolley and Jamieson, in the foursomes, and while Bobby was drubbing Cyril Tolley twelve-eleven in the singles, Watts was avenging his Muirfield defeat by defeating Brownlow nine-eight.

Watts amply justified his selection on the team and so did Roland MacKenzie, the infant of the squad, only nineteen. Roland's deadly putt of fifteen feet on the thirty-sixth green won the match for himself and Captain Gardner and gained a vital point.

Underwood & Underwood photo
Jess Sweetser, with the British amateur trophy he brought to America.

Acme photo
Bobby Jones, holding the British open cup he won after a glorious battle.

Sweetser and Von Elm won their match in the foursomes and Jess overwhelmed Sir Ernest Holderness in the singles.

Jess had not been well. He suffered from sinus trouble and a cold. At Muirfield his left knee began paining him.

On the first tee of his singles match with Holderness, that last day at St. Andrews, I asked Jess how he was feeling.

"Not so good," he replied; "but I'll get through this match some way."

He won it and attended the cup presentation and the formal dinner at the Royal and Ancient Club that evening.

I finished out the celebration, which included a persistent effort to get all the champagne out of the Walker Cup—which is bigger than an umbrella stand—so it could be packed for shipment.

While I was undressing in my room about midnight, Jess came in. He was white as a ghost and held a bloodstained handkerchief to his mouth. He said:

"O. B., what shall I do?"

Before I could reply, he sat down and began coughing blood.

I GOT Jess to my bed, found Bobby Jones and Charlie Pfeil, and they got a doctor. Jess stayed in my bed until the following afternoon. I had the stateroom next to his that night on the Aberdeen Express. In London, Francis Ouimet and Henry Lapham were at the station with a car and a doctor, and the doctor remained with Jess until he was on the Aquitania.

Now you may see another reason why Jess Sweetser is regarded as one of the greatest amateur match golfers America has produced. He has something besides a strong game. But I think he never again will show his real stuff so convincingly. Jess Sweetser is a hero, as well as the first American-born amateur champion of Great Britain.

Another important international event was the seventy-two-hole stake match between Walter Hagen and Abe Mitchell. Walter won after being four down at the end of thirty-six holes. The result of this match served to whet the expectancy of the galleries at St. Anne's.

Bobby Jones played two of the finest rounds he ever played in the qualifying rounds at Sunningdale, where he led with cards of 66-68—134. The first round was declared by British critics the finest ever shot in the United Kingdom, or (they asserted confidently) in the world. I saw every stroke and they were perfect—chaste, cold, flawless golf.

Bobby won that championship with never a round in which he was really on his game. He toiled like a Trojan for every hole. It was sheer courage and the natural power of his play that carried him through.

BOBBY tried his pet superstitions at St. Anne's. Of course, most golfers are superstitious, though few of them will admit it. Bobby once told me there was so blamed much luck in the game that you might just as well be on the safe side. He is loath to change sweaters or knickers or shoes or golf stockings when he is winning, and after playing good rounds in certain apparel, he invariably will give the same raiment a trial in the next big start. For the first round at St. Anne's he donned the black-and-white shoes and the brown knickers he wore at Sunningdale.

"These are my sixty-six shoes," he told me as he dressed. But he played the first nine in a bad thirty-seven and had a terrible struggle coming back in thirty-five, for a seventy-two. Next day he tried a complete change.

He tried different clothing every round in the open championship. But he always carried a smooth old English penny he won from J. H. Taylor, five times British open champion. And he carried a buckeye, a luck piece given him on the train starting on the long trail by Mrs. William Lee Pierce of Charlotte, North Carolina.

After the open championship, Walter Hagen was asked for a candid expression on British golf.

"I think your players, both amateur and professional, are too easily satisfied," said Walter. "One almost might get the notion they were inclined to be lazy, for they do not, as a rule, seem to work on their game after it reaches a certain point. They rely too much on a good array of the longer shots and do not study and work at the art of finishing the hole. I mean, on missing the green with the proper stroke, there seems to be a resignation to losing the stroke. We don't concede that much. We try to learn how to get down in two from around and off the green."

Bobby Jones said he fancied British amateurs didn't play enough with professionals, a characteristic of American amateurs, who get their most valuable experience in combats with the pros. Bobby thought also that the American amateur was more likely to confine his attention to golf, while the British lad would feel obliged to play other games, like cricket and tennis, as well.

As for me, I leave such speculation to wiser heads. I carry back from Britain the memory of a perfect experience; of genial hospitality; of sportsmanship among players, spectators, and writers; of generous treatment for our boys and our party at every turn; and of the finest and smartest and best-behaved golfing galleries I have ever seen.

I feel that the battles of golf by representatives of these two nations are doing more for a true understanding than are all of the pretty speeches of diplomats.

THE END

Fighting *for a* MAN

A Short Story of a Woman Who Played Her Husband's Game

By OWEN OLIVER

Pictures by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

BOLDLEY was Conservative candidate for Stoke Mills. Lady Frankton was on his committee and doing her best to entice him into an affair.

I TAKE off my hat whenever I think of Annette Boldley. I am not sure whether she is the cleverest woman I know, or only the best; but she's one or the other.

She was a governess to the Aldersons' children when I first knew her; and Mrs. Alderson is my niece. I like children. The woman I was going to marry died, so I have to play with other people's. I made Mrs. Boldley's acquaintance through playing with my grand-nephews and grand-nieces.

They were very fond of "Miss Newton," which was her name then.

I grew rather attached to the girl myself, in an uncle-ish way.

I thought she had a niecely liking for me, because she told me things; but perhaps it was only because she had no one else she would confide in. She was a quiet girl (until you knew her) and, anyhow, would make friends slowly; but at the Aldersons' she didn't even do that, from her idea that she had to "keep her place." I told her that she was overdoing humility.

"Maud isn't a snob," I protested, speaking of my niece and her employer. "She does her best to give you a place in the sun. She never sends you off to the nursery when she has a tea party on."

"I can't abuse her kindness," she said. "She wouldn't snub me if I tried to make friends with her friends, but they might, and complain that she 'put that nursery governess on to them.' Besides, I don't want to be friends with people unless they like me enough to come and dig me out."

"Silly little winkle," I growled. "However, I expect some enterprising young man will come along and have a try at pricking you out of your silly shell. Don't make it too hard for him."

He did come, and she did make it hard for him, in spite of my warning.

He was Alec Boldley, the young iron man. He was a good-looking fellow, as well as rich. The husband-hunters were all after him—and Eva Lessington, who was too good-looking to need to hunt. She was staying at the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FIGHTING FOR A MAN
Continued from Page Forty-three]

Aldersons' when he was. Most people thought he was falling for her. I thought he liked the girl's looks rather than the girl herself; but perhaps I merely fastened my own taste on him. She was too much the general lover for my antiquated ideas.

Even while Eva appropriated him, he paid a certain amount of attention to Annette Newton; distinctly more than mere politeness demanded. I believed he would pay more if she encouraged him, but she kept her stubborn place.

One afternoon in the nursery I spoke to her about it.

"I should have thought he was the sort of man you'd have liked, Annette," I panted out.

At the moment I was rocking the horse with two children on it, and, alas, I am stout and short-winded.

"I do, of course," she said.

"Of course, eh?" I muttered.

I looked at her, but she turned away.

"Let's set up a fort," she proposed to the babies, "and have a Waterloo. Uncle Ted can be Wellington, and I'll be Napoleon."

"Of course you take the losing part," I grunted. "Look here, Annette. Eva Lessington will catch the fish if you don't throw a line."

"I've no idea what you're talking about," she fibbed. "Don't put the cannon on the fort, Jim. Stand it on the floor. We can fire better from there. I'll hold it tight while you pull the spring. You needn't make faces at me, Uncle Ted. If ever I marry a man—he'll be a donkey, won't he?—he'll have to want me so badly that there's no need to angle for him."

"Very well, my haughty young woman," I growled. "If you won't put up a fight—Now I'm going for Napoleon, Jimmy——"

"I'll never fight for any man," she declared.

"Why don't you shoot, Uncle Ted?" Willy shouted.

I fired and bowled Napoleon over.

"Got him!" I cried. "Ha, ha! Won't fight for a man, eh? Not even if you want him, Annette?"

"Especially not then," she declared, laughing a funny little laugh.

"And do you?" I asked.

"You do look funny, squatting upon the floor," she told me.

IT doesn't sound like an answer, but it was answer enough for me.

I've often wondered whether she was womanly or only wise in her way of dealing with Boldley.

There are men whom difficulties stimulate, and he was that sort. Also there are women who are clever enough to give such men the zest of the chase. They are generally quiet little things like Annette.

Anyhow, she kept retiring and he kept following upon her heels. Before he left he proposed to her, and she accepted him.

"It wasn't my fault," she told my niece. "I didn't put myself forward, Mrs. Alderson. He insisted upon taking a liking to me."

"And you to him, Annette?" my niece asked.

"Very much," Annette owned; "very much indeed!"

"And yet you didn't encourage him!" Maud cried. (So she told me.)

"I wouldn't fight for a man," Annette told her; "especially not for Alec. I love him very much!"

They were married a few months later; and a year after that they had a baby boy. They named the young scamp Edward Alexander. The reason for the Alexander being second was that Annette would never call anybody but one "Alec." The Edward was after several kings and me. Annette always declared that I was her one real friend; the only person who talked to her "like a father." That, of course, was another way of calling me an interesting old man.

"I suppose you think my husband is a very bad employer," Annette said.

I talked to her like a father when Teddie was six weeks old.

"Don't become a baby monomaniac," I advised. "You're a missus as well as a ma, remember. Go out with Alec more."

"What's behind that?" she asked in her usual imperturbable way.

"Nothing," I said.

"Well, tell me it," she laughed.

"Fortunately," I remarked, "there isn't anything to tell at present. If there were, and I told you, you'd snap my head off and hide yours under your wing, poor thing! That's worse. I'm an old man, Annette, and an old man's foe is the future. So he guards against it."

"Are we talking philosophy, Uncle Ted?" she inquired, bobbing her head at the baby.

"No—politics. Since Alec has taken it up, and especially since he's contemplated going into Parliament—which is sufficient evidence of moral deterioration!—he goes out to social affairs to meet political people. Consequently he sees a good deal of Lady Frankton."

Eva Lessington had become that.

"I know he's a good one." "How do you know, ma'am?" a burly fellow asked.

"She's a political woman," Annette observed.

"She's a damned good-looking one," I grunted.

"Yes; but I wish you wouldn't swear before baby. He takes a lot of notice, and as you're his godfather— Don't get savage. Eva is profanely good-looking. You'd got to that. Well?"

"She wouldn't have forgiven you for carrying Alec off. She'll try hard to get her own back. I don't say that he goes out to see her in particular; but she's usually there to be seen. If I were you, I'd go out with him sometimes, and keep your eye on her."

"I don't aspire to be the woman my husband goes out with," she said, tossing her head, "but the woman he comes home to. As I told you long ago"—eighteen months is "long ago" to these young people, God bless them!—"I'll never fight for a man. If I'm not his wish I'm not his wife!"

"YOU'RE a proud little devil!" I grumbled. "By this sin fell the angels! No doubt the married ones dragged a few husbands down with them. A married angel's first business is to look after her angel spouse."

"Well— Look at Boy Teddie laughing at you! Give him your watch to grab at— I knew he would! Isn't he clever? I'm not too proud to ask Alec not to get so absorbed in politics as to forget his non-political little wife— Teddie wants to come to you— You *do* look funny with a baby. That's a good friend of mummy's and yours, Boy Ted. You can bite his finger. It's quite safe!"

I don't know if she got over Boldley like that. He took her to the theater or the opera one evening a week regularly afterward, and he was always at home on Sundays, unless he took Annette and the baby out in the motor. I went with them occasionally, and he seemed to be fond of her.

I FOUND no reason to suspect that he was unduly friendly with Eva Frankton, though it obviously wasn't her fault, until Baby Mabel came. Annette wasn't strong for some time afterward and didn't go out very much. Boldley was standing for Parliament, and always attended meetings. He had been adopted as the Conservative candidate for Stoke Mills (Mill Ward), and went down there pretty often.

Lady Frankton was on his committee, and frequently on his platform. They often traveled up and down together. I don't say there was anything more in it; but I thought it too much.

When a very good-looking Delilah sits very close to an average Samson in an express, and joggles a bit nearer—! And looks under her eyebrows and laughs—! Well, I hope the lady who's waiting for me will pardon a few little indiscretions in a man who's been pretty faithful on the whole.

I wouldn't upset Annette by hinting anything to her; but when the election came on, I persuaded her to go down to Stoke Mills to be near her husband.

"A man needs moral support at a time like that," I told her. "He'll like to come home to you to be sympathized with, even if you don't understand very much about politics." (She didn't.)

My real reason was that he shouldn't have the excuse to travel up and down with Eva Frankton.

You'd only got to see them together to know that *she* was doing her level best to entice him into an affair. He didn't give himself away; but he was a human young man, and she was a deuced good-looking young woman, and a born temptress.

"Why, yes!" Annette cried. "I really must buck up and do that. I should have proposed it myself if I hadn't felt so flat lately. You're quite right, Uncle Ted. I will go. I can take the babies. I *do* want to be beside Alec when he hears the result."

"To be the first to congratulate him," I suggested, "if he gets in."

"I meant principally in case he didn't," she told me.

So they had rooms at the Royal Hotel—I arranged it, as he was busy canvassing—and Annette took the babies there. She drove about the place with him several times, and went upon the platform one evening; but her absence was generally excused upon the ground of delicate health.

Lady Frankton was in robust and handsome health and it was only natural that people should talk about their constant companionship; and I believed that it was doing him harm. His chairman told me that he was of the same opinion. "There's a lot of morality left among the lower classes," he complained.

I heard two women expounding this surviving morality in the street, as bearing upon elections.

"In course," one said, "I call myself a Conservative. My people always was; and what color but theirs can I wear to go with my complexion? But if a married woman goes and votes for a married man what's always trotting about with someone else's missus,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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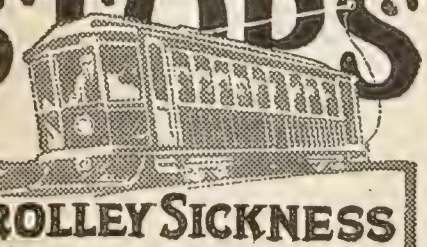

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[FIGHTING FOR A MAN
Continued from Page Forty-five]

ain't her husband going to think she'd overlook that kind of thing? And, my word, I wouldn't!"

"That's just it," the other woman said.

And then I began to think that Boldley was going to lose his election in spite of the number of women wearing his rosettes.

The next day it seemed pretty sure that he would lose it; for he went down with an extremely bad attack of influenza and a strike was threatened at his works. People set it about Stoke Mills that he was a harsh employer who ground his workmen down; and that the influenza was a pretense to excuse his not coming to terms with them, and to avoid facing the heckling about it that he would get at the election meetings.

One was broken up in disorder by men and women yelling, "Tell Boldley to come and face the music!" "How about the strike?" Several women yelled, "Go home to your husband!" when Lady Frankton tried to speak. When a little order was restored, a gray-haired man, who was listened to with obvious respect, got up and asked how Mr. Boldley could expect to be supported by the workmen of Stoke Mills when he couldn't get on with his own.

"There's fair play in us British working men," he said, "if you toffs on the platform don't think it. What I say is, he's treated his staff very bad, or they wouldn't round on him just at this awkward time; and he doesn't come and face us over it."

"He's in bed!" cried Lady Frankton.

"How do *you* know?" a woman shouted.

NO one got a hearing after that.

I didn't tell Annette what the woman said, but I told her about the gray-haired man. She jumped up from her chair then.

"You'll have to take me to the works by the six-o'clock train in the morning!" she cried. "I'm going to talk to Alec's men."

"You aren't well enough," I began, but she cut me off.

"When I'm not well enough to do things for Alec," she said, "I shall be dead!"

There's no arguing with a woman like that.

I took her to the works the next morning. Her husband was too ill to consult about it. We met the manager and the assistant manager, and the foremen, and a big deputation of the men. I offered to speak to them, but Annette said she'd do it, and I thought perhaps she'd better. The men looked so big and ruffianly that I doubted anyone managing them unless it was a frail little slip of a woman.

"My husband is down with influenza," she told them. "You know that he's no coward. Don't forget the war and his D. S. O. So you'll know that he must be very bad not to come here; and that he wouldn't let me do it if he were well enough to stop me. He doesn't know that I've come.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

I don't know you; but I'll tell you what someone said last night who does. He's one of your leaders." She told them what the gray-haired man had said. "I can't believe you haven't any British fair play in you," she added. "So I suppose you think my husband is a very bad employer. I know he's a good one."

"How do you know, ma'am?" a burly fellow asked quite respectfully.

"Because he's a good husband," she said; "and a just man. If he had a grievance against *you* do you think he'd spring it upon you when you were on a sick-bed, and at the very time when you were having a hard struggle against enemies who were running you down? If you do think it, you're not as sensible as you look!"

"WE thought the election might force his hand a bit, ma'am," the burly man owned. "All's fair in war—and for your husband, eh? But we didn't know that he was right laid up."

"I give you my word that he is too ill to get out of bed," Annette asserted, "or even to understand things properly."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," the man said. "That being so, I'll call a meeting and see if we can put off the strike notices for a fortnight, till he can talk things over with us."

They held the meeting and put off the strike; and they gave Annette a letter that she could show at Stoke Mills. It said that the dispute was purely a matter of business, and that, hearing with regret of Mr. Boldley's illness, they felt bound to show the same consideration to a good employer as he had always shown to his staff, and postpone the discussion until he was well again; and that they hoped the election would be fought out upon political lines, and not by attacks upon his personal character as an employer, which were not indorsed by his employees.

Annette insisted upon reading the letter herself at the meeting that evening, although she was very nervous about speaking, and not at all well.

She was listened to in silence; and when she had finished the reading, she clutched at the table and made a little speech.

"I hope you all have the same feeling of fair play too," she said, "and that my husband's supporters won't desert him because he is ill. I don't really understand politics, but I understand my husband; and I know that he will do what he thinks is right; perhaps something a little kinder than that, because he *is* kind. Don't you think it is something in favor of a man that his wife trusts him?"

A number of women burst into frantic applause then; but one wretch, with a shawl round her head, shouted from the back of the hall:

"She might be a fool, my dear."

There was a roar of laughter then, and the chairman groaned.

"That's lost us the election," he muttered.

But Annette only smiled and shook her head.

"If I were a fool," she said, "I shouldn't have thought of going to see the men at our works, should I? And, if I had been wrong in trusting to find him esteemed there, I shouldn't have brought back this letter. The woman who thinks she knows my husband better than I do is the fool!"

She didn't even glance at Eva when she said that; didn't even tell me afterward that she'd have liked to; but I glanced, and chuckled.

"I'm not going to try to talk politics," she concluded, "or to ask any of you who have clear political opinions to vote against them. But I do ask you married women voters who are like me, and don't know much about politics, whether you can have a better recommendation for a man than his wife's. You have mine for my poor sick man."

"And that," said the chairman to me, "is going to win him the election. I hope he deserves it."

He glanced toward Lady Frankton.

I hoped so too. At the time I doubted it; but upon the night when the poll was declared, I altered my opinion.

Boldley was up then; and Annette was down. She had fainted directly the meeting was over. The specialist said that there was nothing radically wrong with her, but she needed a rest and change, preferably abroad.

BOLDLEY kept following her and before he left he proposed.

"PREFERABLY abroad," Lady Frankton murmured when I had answered her question about the specialist's verdict. She kept smiling afterward.

The smile went, however, when Boldley stumbled into the committee room, after his return was assured.

"It's deuced awkward," he said, "after putting all you good friends to all this trouble. I shall have to resign the seat and give up any idea of Parliament for the present. The doctor's ordered my wife abroad. Of course I shall go with her."

"Alec!" Lady Frankton almost screamed. "You're never going to throw up your career and—everything? You ought to—to——"

"To throw up my wife, eh?" he inquired. "She happens to be my career and the 'everything.' I thought everybody knew that."

The chairman drew me into a corner then.

"Upon my soul, Johnson," he said, "I believe the chap's so set upon his wife that it never even occurred to him that that woman thought she could get him! And I believe Mrs. B. knew it. That's a very clever little woman."

"I think," I said, "she is only a very good one. She always says that she wouldn't fight for a man."

"If you ask me," he muttered, holding me by a coat button, "she's a dear little liar!"

Well, I don't know; but whether she's very clever, or very good, or even both, I take off my hat to her!

THE END

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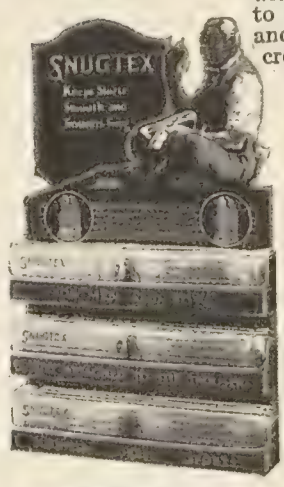

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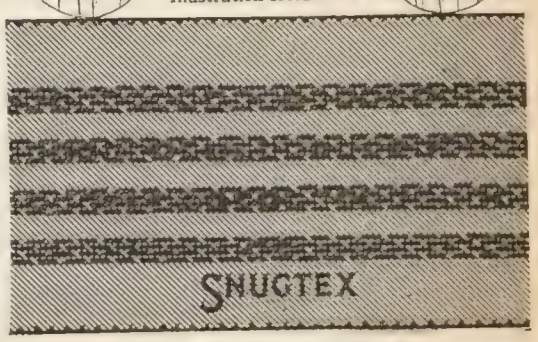

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Here's your chance to be independent! Why not earn your own spending money and buy the things you want without having to ask Mother and Dad for it? Thousands of boys, just like you, are making money every week, simply working in their spare time, right in their own neighborhood, selling Liberty Magazines. Merely send the coupon below. We'll take care of everything else. We'll send you full information and show you how to get started making money right the first day. We'll send you our catalog of free prizes—bicycles, radios, sporting goods, etc. You can get them in addition to your regular weekly income. It's easy. We show you how. Send the coupon today.

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Boy Sales Division,
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Please tell me how I can join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

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Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Timely Precautions

Mother had sent Johnny to the grocery store for two loaves of bread. She gave him a quarter and told him to be sure and return the change. About a half hour later Johnny returned with the two loaves of bread, but no change.

"Where is the nickel you should have in change, Sonny?" she asked.

"Well, mother, it's just this way: I felt a cold coming on, so I bought some coughdrops."

EMMANA HANNUM.
1508 West Tenth, Spokane, Wash.

* * *

A Modest Order

Little Josephine was crossing on one of the large Pacific liners from the Orient to the United States, and, this being her first experience, was feeling rather queer, but could not make out just what that queerness was—though others knew it was seasickness. Being brought to the table by mother one morning, Josephine was asked by the waiter:

"What would you like to eat this morning—fried eggs?"

Whereupon Josephine looked up and said, "Well, yes; but please tell the cook not to make them too big."

MRS. MILDRED ORTON.
P. O. Box 735, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

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SAFE
USEFUL

$15; the only accurate air pistol made

—Powerful enough to kill small game. *Fully Guaranteed.*

LOOKS and feels like a fine automatic. Built for hard use. Guaranteed to group shots within 1 in. at 10 yards. In use by motorists and sportsmen. No permit needed. At your Dealer's or sent direct for $15, including cleaning brush and supply of pellets.

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$123 the First WEEK

"I worked 6 days, 6 hours a day, and made $123 selling 'Stay-Prest' Trouser Pressers."
J. W. Varner, Iowa

"Stay-Prest" Trouser Presser sells quick to every man—thousands in use. Men and women are cleaning up big profits with this fast seller. Sells on sight. Priced low. Big cash profit for you. You take orders. We deliver. Your profit in advance. **Wonderful new invention.** Puts perfect creases in trousers. Takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. Easy to use—takes less than half a minute. Folds into small size. Saves clothes and tailor bills.

Make Big Profits-Others Do. Jack Ames made $24 in four hours. Randle sold 25 the first day. Mary Roberts made $10 in one evening. Others making big profits in spare or full time. So can you. You FREE risk nothing. We start you. Write quick for FREE selling outfit and full details of money-making selling plan.
THE GETGEY-JUNG CO., K-227 G & J Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

A Fascinating Contest *for the* Whole Family!

$1,000 a Week

for Titles *to* LIBERTY Covers—Eight Chances *to* Win!

Get into the Game—For the Love o' Lil!

LOOK at the winning title on this page and see how easy it is! Now write one yourself! Right now!

Just glance at the cover on the front of this issue. Then turn to the right-hand column of this page and read Chapter X of For the Love o' Lil.

The story and picture suggest a funny idea to you, of course. Write it down! Don't put it off! Get it into the mails TO-DAY! Maybe it will bring you $500.

Send in as many titles as you like. The rules are below.

HERE ARE THE EIGHT PRIZES: FIRST, $500; SECOND, $250; THIRD, $100; FOURTH, $50; FIFTH, $25; SIXTH, $25; SEVENTH, $25; EIGHTH, $25.

It's EASY and It's FUN!

Prize Award No. 5

Prize Cover No. 5

THIS TITLE WON $1,000

He "Snoops" to Conquer

The Winner:

R. L. SANDERS

1343 MAPLE STREET
Des Moines, Iowa

Mr. Sanders is twenty-eight years old, works in a factory, and is single. He has a young brother of whom he thinks a great deal, and he plans to use part of his $1,000 prize toward educating him. "Lil and Sandy," he writes, "are like LIBERTY, one hundred per cent human and mighty likable." (Much obliged.)

CHAPTER X
OF THE FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY
By LESLIE THRASHER

"SHREWD tradin' just naturally runs in the Morse family," said R. E. (Pop) Morse in a confidential aside to his daughter Lil.

The family were gathering on the front porch of the Morse home, preparatory to a week-end motor run into the country. At the curb stood a second-hand car, which Pop Morse had acquired the day before.

"Your grandfather," Mr. Morse continued, still addressing Lil, "was probably the smartest hoss trader in the Middle West."

"Thank goodness," said Lil, "he lived before Hank invented automobiles!"

"Now, don't go to putting your old daddy on the pan," Mr. Morse admonished, patting her shoulder affectionately. "Of course"—he regarded their recently acquired conveyance critically—"it doesn't *look* so swell, but it'll do fifty any time."

"Any time you get another car *to pull it!*" Lil amended.

But the other members of the family had foregathered. Mr. Morse turned the crank. Time passed. The eldest son, Dwight, glanced at his wrist watch.

"What this thing needs is a drink," Mr. Morse asserted.

"I guess we'll all need one—before you get it going!" remarked Lil, from the back seat.

Lil's mother looked horrified. "Just wait until I fill it up with water!" Mr. Morse promised.

(To be continued next week)

RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$500
2d Prize	250
3d Prize	100
4th Prize	50
5th to 8th prizes ($25 each)	100
Total	$1,000

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, August 28, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 10

My title for the LIBERTY cover for August 21 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

OFFICE OF
THE GENERAL MANAGER

247 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK

August 16 – 1926

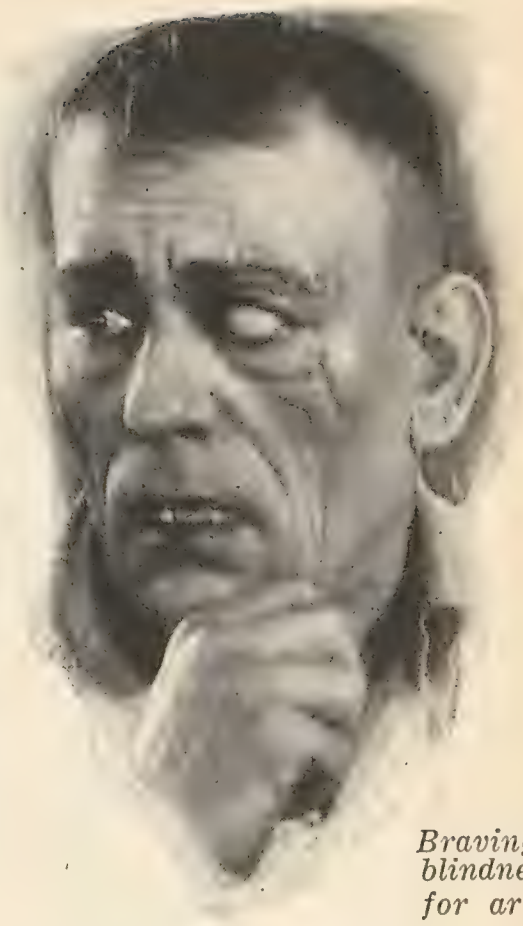
Two years old
and already
Second!

During the first six
months of 1926 Liberty
printed more advertising
than any other magazine
of general character,
with the exception of
The Saturday Evening Post.

Chaney as Singapore Joe.

The Road to Mandalay

Chaney Takes the Greatest Risk of His Career in This Picture



Braving blindness for art.

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production
Directed by Tod Browning

THE CAST:

Singapore Joe.....*Lon Chaney*
Joe's Daughter.....*Lois Moran*
The Admiral.....*Owen Moore*
Father James.....*Henry B. Walthall*
English Charlie.....*Kamiyama Sojim*
Pansy..... *Rose Langdon*

LON CHANEY is the real mystery man of the movies. He does not dodge film interviewers on the ground of modesty, but he has worked his salary as a character actor up to $2,500 a week, and doesn't want to see it shrink. In brief, he says the public isn't going to get tired of Lon Chaney as Lon Chaney.

Chaney is forty-three.

His parents were deaf-mutes who were otherwise normal. They taught their children the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and in this strange school of pantomime began the celluloid star of today.

Death and financial difficulties left Chaney charged with the support of a younger brother and sister. He became a stage hand with small traveling companies, and still carries his union card.

From sceneshifter he became an eccentric dancing comedian with small barnstorming troupes playing "Broadway successes" in places only a booking agent could find.

"I worked so hard that it's even painful to remember it," Chaney says in telling of those days. But he sent a little money back home to Colorado Springs, Colorado, each week.

Finally he drifted to Hollywood. That was in 1912. Perhaps the stranding of a company had something to do with it. Perhaps the addition of a wife and son to his responsibilities led him to the Gold Coast.

Starvation faced him again. He wasn't handsome and the studios did not want him. He worked only now and then.

One day he got a chance at a big part opposite Bill Hart. But the casting man turned him down because he was too short. His five feet ten fell considerably under Bill's stalwart length.

Hart overruled the casting expert. "He can do it," the Western star said. "I don't care how short he is. And, what's more, he'll dominate it. He's got power."

"I darned near cried," says Chaney. "Nobody had thought I could act before that."

It was Chaney's appearance as the fake cripple in The Miracle Man that made him, screenically speaking. George Loane Tucker, the director, who has since died, has always received the credit for discovering Chaney. Tucker, in reality, wanted a contortionist for the role, but he couldn't find one who could act. The homely Hollywood newcomer got the part as a last resort.

Chaney wasn't a contortionist, but he utilized an eccentric dance he had been doing in the sticks. Thus a comedy terpsichorean turn became a cataleptic fit.

The Miracle Man made Chaney, as it made Thomas Meighan, up to that time a moderately popular leading man, and Betty Compson.

Chaney has a curious taste for the gruesome, and possesses the strangest make-up box in Hollywood. Instead of the usual tricks, it contains bizarre teeth to fit over his own, tape for changing the shape and general cut of his ears as well as the slant of his eyes,

Lon Chaney, King of Make-up, rose from a barnstorming stage hand to stardom and $2,500 a week.

glass tubes to alter his nose, and pads of cotton to build out his mouth.

In The Penalty he wore his legs strapped tightly back, getting about on wooden stumps. This involved a serious strain, and he was in bed for weeks after finishing.

For The Hunchback he utilized a rubber harness weighing nearly a hundred pounds.

He tries his most daring exploit for his Singapore Joe in The Road to Mandalay. The character has a cataract over one eye, and to obtain the white filmy effect over his optic, he dropped a dangerous drug into his eye. This was such a precarious procedure that he could work only half an hour at a time without risking blindness.

The Road to Mandalay is another of those "ship me east of Suez" affairs, yet Chaney's grim work gives it a singular vitality. He runs the toughest night club in Singapore, where there *ain't* no 3 o'clock closing. This is all unknown to his sweet little daughter, who is being brought up a sheltered rose by Singapore Joe's good brother, a padre somewhere on the road to Mandalay.

Poor Joe is saving up for the little girl. He intends to reveal himself to his daughter later and hit the straight and narrow path. A nasty Oriental, just back from wicked San Francisco, happens along and— No, I am not going to tell you the whole yarn. The Road to Mandalay isn't a contribution to cinema advancement or literature, but Chaney gives it a thrilling quality.

The Road to Mandalay has a good cast, with Lois Moran giving a sensitive performance of the daughter, Owen Moore excellent as a derelict who makes good; and one Kamiyama Sojim doing the wicked Celestial neatly.

Do you know that—

Universal tried to borrow Ramon Novarro from Metro-Goldwyn to play *Romeo* to Mary Philbin's *Juliet?* . . . Cecil de Mille also wanted him to portray the *Nazarene* in his The King of Kings? . . . Both requests had to be refused because his The Great Galeoto is going into production? . . . Alice Terry will play opposite Novarro again in this picture? . . . Emil Jannings is at work in Berlin on a story in which he plays a Negro who tries to get away from his own people and ultimately falls, a lonely outcast, between the white and the black races? . . . It is reported Jack Pickford may get the coveted role of *Clyde Griffiths* in Dreiser's An American Tragedy when it is filmed by Famous Players? . . . Betty Blythe returns from eighteen months in English films? . . . F. W. Murnau, director of The Last Laugh, arrives in America to work for William Fox? . . . Rex, the king of wild horses, has been ill with pneumonia? . . . Renee Adoree, the French peasant girl of The Big Parade, is to be starred in Rose Marie?

To be reviewed next week: Mantrap, starring Clara Bow.

Tube Free
See coupon

No—Mother

Candy need not harm their teeth

Sweets, in fermenting, form acids between the teeth and in crevices. So does starch, which turns to sweets.

Acid attacks both the teeth and the gums. It brings tooth troubles to millions.

But that doesn't mean to quit candy and starch. Just brush your teeth twice daily with Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste. That is alkaline. The tooth brush forces it wherever the acid forms. And all mouth acids perish at its touch. You will never be without it when you know.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia tooth paste also makes teeth glisten. Its antiseptics combat germ attacks in the mouth. Its iodides stimulate the gums, its deodorants purify the breath. It is the greatest tooth paste men have yet evolved.

Send coupon for a trial tube. Watch it beautify the teeth. Feel and taste the delightful effects next morning. Let our book explain what each result means to you.

Trial Tube

Ten-Day Size

All In One

Its 16 ingredients combine in one application

Antacids	Cleansers
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Iodides	Deodorants

It is five tooth pastes in one, to meet every modern requirement.

20 Uses Free

Mail this coupon to Chas. H. Phillips Co., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for a 10-day tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

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Dance, walk, hike as much as you please, for your feet will always feel refreshed and rested if you use **Allen's Foot-Ease.** This Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the Feet stops the pain of tired, swollen, sweating feet, prevents blisters or sore spots and takes the FRICTION from the shoes. Shake **Allen's Foot-Ease** into your shoes in the morning and walk all day and dance all evening in comfort. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent **Free.**

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Think of being able to offer a $40.00 suit made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of $23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 985.

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Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our *Free Catalog* with details of course you want. Send *now.*

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
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Vox Pop

PROHIBITION—CON

It Gives Him Pains

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Stop all this babble about prohibition! The very name itself gives me excruciating pains.

Liquor will be here and men will drink it, just as long as tobacco is grown and men smoke it.

We have inherited from our forefathers a certain amount of Freedom, and that Freedom we will exercise, as long as the "U" in U. S. A. stands for United.—*Curtis H. Everett, Atlanta, Ga.*

A Country in Prison

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Wayne B. Wheeler, the pilot of the Anti-Saloon League, in his prohibition talk given in your splendid magazine of July 10, forgot to tell the people that the rights of our States and families have been submerged in the rights of an Imperial Washington—that the Anti-Saloon League has one hand on the throat of constitutional law and the other in Uncle Sam's pocket—that under Dry rule the future of American citizens will be spent in building prisons to house the country's population.—*Mary Ryan Nolan, Columbus, Ohio.*

Whisky-Drinking Youth

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have just read your editorial, The Law of Self-Control Is the Best Liquor Law, and I think it is fine.

Wayne B. Wheeler, in this same issue, says that "youth is not drunken."

Mr. Wheeler does not speak truly, because young men and women *are doing* what they *never did* in years past: "toting" pocket whisky flasks, etc. Teach self-control, not prohibition, but temperance.—*E. H. D. Brown, Eustis, Fla.*

PROHIBITION—PRO

Wants to See Some "Drunks"

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your editorial in LIBERTY for July 10 might just as consistently have been headed The Law of Self-Control is the Best Murder Law, and the tables following would have approximated the increase in murders, thus proving that the murder law is a failure and should be repealed.

What nonsense!

Where do they find all these drunks? My business for fifty years has been in New York's Tenderloin, wherever located. I know my New York and I could see in the Bowery, before prohibition, more drunks in one day than I have seen in New York in the last ten years.—*W. H. Price, Queens Village, N. Y.*

Thinks Arrests Show Enforcement

EDITOR, LIBERTY: It seems to me that there is not much force in your argument against prohibition, based on an increased number of arrests for drunkenness.

If there are more arrests for drunkenness today than there ever were before, that simply shows that there is a determined and intelligent effort to enforce the law.—*Jennie H. Avery, Cleveland, Ohio.*

The Law of Self-Control

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Your editorial, The Law of Self-Control Is the Best Liquor Law, was not very convincing.

Having proved to your own satisfaction that Volstead failed, you plead for the modification of the act, and the introduction of the Quebec System.

Then you say, "the most important law that each man should enforce upon himself is the deeper law of self-control." That sounds fine, but where does it get us? Will modification—more booze—lead to this self-control?

Logically you ought to ask that all criminal laws be suspended and police and sheriffs put out of a job, on the plea that prison has never reformed any man.—*David Simpson, Louisville, Neb.*

Judging Liberty's Contests

EDITOR, LIBERTY: With your permission, may I comment on the letter of criticism from Mrs. Belle M. Morris, regarding the Presidents Contest? She stated that LIBERTY contravened its own announced rules by awarding first prize to an entry given "elaborate treatment."

May we ask the writer—also other readers of LIBERTY—just what interpretation should be placed on the words "elaborate treatment"? You might say one thing. We might say another. All do not see alike.

A CONTEST is a CONTEST. When we enter any contest, we do so with open eyes. If we cannot be a SPORT, then let's stay out of contests.

We think the treatment given by the winners was the keynote of simplicity. A few painted "stars" and "red, white, and blue cardboard" mean nothing so far as elaborate treatment is concerned.

For pity's sake don't be a *grouch.*—*Mrs. G. L. Tetrick, Manhattan, Kans.*

Too Much "Woman Interest"?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: LIBERTY was a good man's magazine as well as a woman's and the departments and good high class stories and sports articles were of equal interest to both sexes. However, after adding the Question Box, canning, fashions—and I suppose you will add a children's page—it will need only some Better Babies and vitamin stuff to be utterly ruined.—*Mrs. Ada Bennett Boyd, Sioux City, Ia.*

The BIG Fellow

"You fight Fitzsimmons just like that!"

The Story of James J. Jeffries, Walloping Son of a Preacher

A Series by

ROBERT EDGREN

Pictures by ROBERT EDGREN

WHEN Jim Jeffries broke his hand on the head of Bob Armstrong, a big Negro fighter, in his first invasion of New York, the hisses of the crowd and cries of "quitter!" almost broke his heart. Jeff had undertaken to whip Armstrong and another man in the same ring, the same night. He whipped Armstrong, but broke his thumb and could not draw on a glove for the second bout.

PART FOUR

THE WESTERN GIANT TRAINS FOR HIS FIGHT WITH FITZ

JEFFRIES and Delaney read what the papers had to say about Jim's disastrous New York invasion. Jeffries was described as a quitter, a clumsy dub who couldn't fight.

After breakfast, fighter and manager walked down to the *Police Gazette* office. In the '90's the *Police Gazette* was headquarters for all fighters. There was a bench in the outer office on which, if they were not very important fighters, they sat until called in by the sporting editor.

Jeffries was left on the bench while Billy Delaney, having still some standing as former handler of Jim Corbett, went inside. Jeff was feeling blue, friendless, and lonesome—and a long way from home.

In the crowd came Johnny Pollock, a youngster writing sporting news for the *Evening World*. Johnny took in the disheartened Jeffries with an experienced eye, walked over jauntily, slapped Jim on the back as hard as he could, and said:

"Cheer up, big fellow! You've got the stuff. You'll beat them all yet. Don't let the knockers worry you."

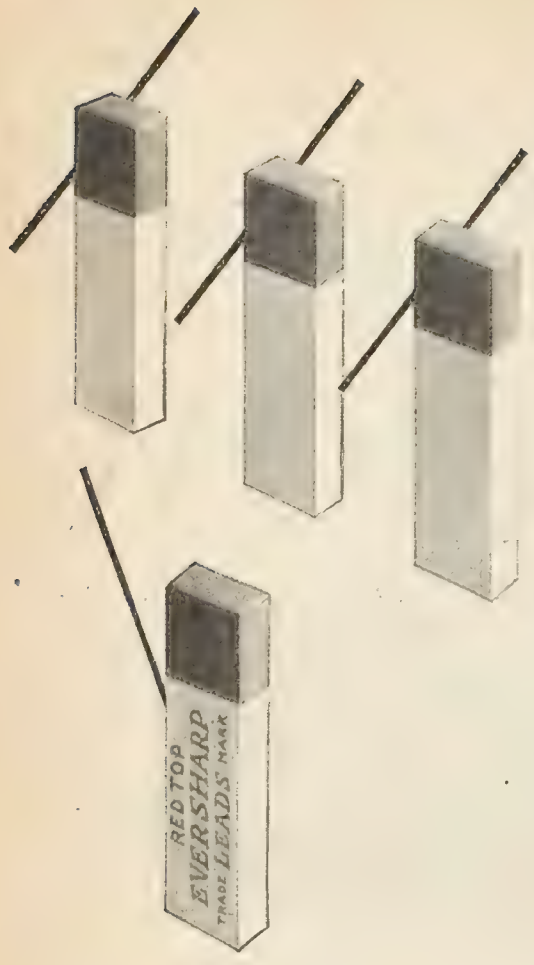
"I'm going back to the ironworks," growled Jeff despondently.

"Forget it," said Pollock. "You're going to be champion of the world. Go home and train, then come back and clean them all up."

Jeffries lifted his eyes to his one friend, and a feeling of gratitude crept up from his heart into his throat and nearly choked him. If he had even one friend who still believed in him, he wasn't going to throw that friend down.

"I'll do it!" said Jim.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The first part of leadership in the pencil business is lead.

So we make the leads for our Eversharp pencil exactly to suit you—in just the colors you want, in the very degree of hardness or softness you prefer, in sizes so precisely calibrated to Eversharp's efficient rifled tip that if you always use these leads your pencil will never scratch, clog or jam.

So that you may know the genuine we pack these leads in our Red Top box, putting them for your convenience with dealers everywhere.

You will know how very good our Red Top lead is the minute you

Put it on paper

There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one, the popular standard gift and business model, with 18 inches of lead up its sleeve, gold-filled at

$5

EVERSHARP

the name is on the pencil

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The Wahl Co., Ltd., Toronto

[THE BIG FELLOW
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

As I think of the unfairness exhibited toward Jeff on that occasion, I am reminded of that other time when Fitz almost drove his fist through Sharkey and lost the decision on a foul. I know that punch, which put Tom to bed for two days, was fair. I know it because the next day the city editor sent me to the Baldwin Hotel to interview Mr. Fitzsimmons, get him to describe how he landed the punch on Sharkey, and draw a picture of it.

I went to Bob's rooms and found him greatly excited, and when I told him what I wanted he leaped up and yelled: "Come out in the 'all. I'll show you."

We went "out in the 'all," where the Fitzsimmons trunks were stacked up at one end and where there was no furniture to break, and Fitz said excitedly:

"Put up your 'ands. Swing at my 'ead. Swing at me! Now!"

I swung at Mr. Fitzsimmons' head. At the same instant Frisco had an earthquake, the Baldwin Hotel fell down, and the earth split into a billion little stars.

When I recovered, I found myself lying in a corner of the hall with my head through a broken lower door panel. I was looking up at a high ledge, over which peered the flaming face of Ruby Robert. In a moment he pulled me to my feet, brushed me off, and was saying apologetically:

"I didn't mean to 'it so 'ard. I was excited. But that's the way I 'it Sharkey. Now you know 'ow it was done."

BY this time I could draw a breath, and I looked to see what I'd fallen over. It was simple enough. Fitz had hooked me in the stomach and knocked me over three trunks.

Sitting in his office not long ago, with a long cigar cocked in one corner of his mouth, Billy Brady told me how he got Bob Fitzsimmons to fight young Jim Jeffries and toss away the championship of the world.

It was six or eight months after Big Jeff's first New York appearance that Brady was asked to assume the management of the Coney Island Athletic Club. Jeffries had gone home to mend his broken thumb, to hunt and fish.

Brady had developed from a promoter into a theatrical producer. But his alert mind, skipping over the possibilities of the Coney Island Club proposition, suddenly pictured young Jim Jeffries walking in against Corbett's punches, pictured Bob Fitzsimmons, pictured Jeffries and Fitzsimmons facing each other in a championship battle. Instantly he grasped the telephone and accepted the club management. He wired Billy Delaney in Oakland to bring Jeffries East on the first train.

Next, he went after Fitzsimmons, whose show business was on the rocks. He owed a printer for posters.

Brady dropped in to see the printer, and remarked casually that Fitzsimmons was probably short of cash. The printer said Fitz owed him money and couldn't pay.

"Oh, well," said Brady, "that's easily fixed. Next time you see Fitz, why don't you suggest that he might take on some dub and clean up a few thousand dollars? People are crazy to see him."

"Who could he fight?" asked the printer. "And who'd handle the match?"

"WHY," said Brady, as if the idea had just come to him, "I'll give him a fight at my club down at Coney. I'll give him a good purse. Say—he could take on this big farmer, Jeffries. He's just coming on from California and is begging me for a match. He fell down hard last year, but I guess people would stand for seeing him again with Fitzsimmons as the drawing card. It would be soft for Fitz—no trouble at all—easy money. And then he'd pay your bill."

"I'll see him," said the printer.

"Fitz could get most of the money," Brady went on. "Jeffries will take whatever I give him. When the big stiff is knocked out I can send him back to the Coast. I can give Fitz sixty-five per cent of the gate, win, lose, or draw, and still make money."

Having prepared the trap, Mr. Brady went back to his office and awaited results. Freckled Bob came to terms immediately. He knew all about Jeffries, and he remarked cheerfully that "the bigger they are the 'arder they fall." Brady agreed with him.

Next day the papers announced that Fitzsimmons would fight again. It was a sensation. Photographers and writers besieged Bob's house at Bensonhurst.

Delaney told Brady what Jeffries told him the night after the big fight at Carson.

"He thinks he could lick both Fitzsimmons and Corbett in the same ring," said Delaney, "and he can."

Hearing this, Brady went right out and ordered several thousand posters advertising a show with James J. Jeffries playing a star part as Champion of the World.

Jim went into training at Allenhurst, New Jersey. His chief trainer, engaged by Brady, was Tommy Ryan, middleweight champion. Jim's brother Jack and Jim Daly completed the staff.

Though Jim didn't worry over being regarded as a coming victim, one thing did worry him: Jim read in the papers that his father was praying he'd be knocked out.

Jim's father was an evangelist. He wouldn't allow a pack of cards or even a checkerboard in the house. A lie was punished with a blacksnake whip, and the Jeffries boys learned early not to lie, especially to their father. When the boys outgrew the whip, he disciplined them with his fists. They had to be in bed at nine every night. No parties, no dancing.

Before Jim went into the ironworks his father started on a preaching trip around the world. He was gone three years. When he came back he landed in San Francisco, and was walking up Market Street when he saw posters announcing a prize fight between one Jeffries and a fellow named Baker. A moment later he received a thumping slap between the shoulder blades, turned, saw a huge, rawboned fellow grinning at him, and heard:

"Hello, dad—where did you come from?"

He had to look twice before he recognized his round-faced Jim in this young giant.

"I'M in a little exhibition tonight, dad," said Jim, waving his hand toward the poster. "Come and see me. Here's a pair of ringside seats."

Jim thrust the tickets into his father's hand and left hurriedly. Mr. Jeffries dropped the tickets into the gutter, turned right around, hiked through Third Street to the railroad station, and took the first train for Los Angeles.

Arriving next morning, he hurried home, and, after greetings, gently asked Mother Jeffries how, when, and why his boy Jim had become a professional prize fighter.

"Don't ask me," said Mrs. Jeffries. "You've been away three years saving the world, when you ought to have been here looking out for your own boys."

Mr. Jeffries walked around the farm, looked into the barn, and found a punching-bag and a boxing-ring rigged up in what had been the hayloft, discovered a couple of empty dog kennels, wandered back into the house, and sat down. Nine o'clock, official bedtime, came, and no boys.

Jeff's father prayed that Fitz would knock him out; but his mother didn't.

"Where's Tom?" the father asked.

"Tom," said Mrs. Jeffries, "is out somewhere fighting his dogs."

About midnight several horse cabs drove into the yard and stopped at the barn. Men got out and talked together in low tones. The men helped take two dogs from the cabs and put them into the kennels, and there was a long silence while the fighting animals were inspected, washed, and bandaged. Then the men climbed into the cabs again and the sound of wheels receded.

The door opened, and in walked Tom, carrying a heavy sack in one hand. Tom strode to the dining-room table and thumped the sack down.

"Why—hello, dad!" he exclaimed. "When the hell did you get here?"

Coming from a rugged stock, Mr. Jeffries didn't faint. He looked straight at Tom and said: "It's twelve o'clock. Where have you been?"

"Oh," said Tom lightly, "just up the canyon, fighting my dog Jute against Jim Blaine, the *Police Gazette* champion dog."

"Why do you make harmless dogs fight?"

"Why? For money, of course," said Tom. And, turning the heavy sack over, he dumped out a great pile of gold coin and bills.

"There it is—seven thousand five hundred dollars. The side stake was five thousand, and I won twenty-five hundred more in bets. The rest of the boys cleaned up about twenty thousand. The police raided us, and one of the boys—the butcher—got shot while he was trying to run away. They grabbed the rest of us. Got it fixed up all right."

Mr. Jeffries stared at Tom, stared at the pile of money, and sat down heavily.

"I suppose John was with you," he said.

"Oh, no," said Tom. "I think John went to a dance tonight. He'll be home about three or four o'clock."

"A prize fighter, a dog fighter, and a dancer!" muttered the father. His world was turning upside down.

However, things soon shaped themselves, with the head of the family home. Tom gave away his dogs and the boys renewed their interest in farming. All but Jim, who went on fighting. But after the failure in New York Jim came home, too. Jim's father hoped Jim was "forgetting his foolishness," until Delaney got him again and took him away to fight for the championship of the world.

After Jim left, newspaper writers besieged the Jeffries home. Father Jeffries felt that all this fight talk would offset the good of his life work, so he gathered a bunch of newspaper men and gave them one interview.

"JIM is just a boy," he said, "and he'll get over this foolishness. I've heard a lot about Fitzsimmons. They tell me he's a great fighter. I don't want Jim to be hurt, but, to cure him of fighting, I know the Lord will have Jim beaten. I'm going to pray the Lord to go into the ring with Jim and have Fitzsimmons knock him out, and knock all the nonsense out of him."

That was a wow of a story for the newspaper boys. They spread it all over the papers and telegraphed it East. Down in Allenhurst, Jim read what his father had said and felt badly shaken.

Jim grew silent and grouchy, and people began to whisper that he'd lost his nerve and was afraid of Fitz. Brady rushed to Allenhurst and told Jim that Fitzsimmons was nothing but a "set-up" for him and the fight was "in the bag"—all without much effect.

Hard work straightened Jim out in a few days. The only thing that bothered him now was his legs. Jim had noted the fact that both Corbett and Fitzsimmons had very skinny legs. He thought he must have thin legs to fight Fitzsimmons, so he ran until his trainers gave up all idea of following him. And, for a wonder, Jeffries did thin down his legs remarkably.

Jeff and the giant Negro, Bob Armstrong.

Meanwhile, he didn't neglect boxing. The first day in camp, he told Tommy Ryan to slug as hard as he could, and Ryan did it. Jeffries stood up straight, because he wasn't interested in avoiding blows. But Ryan shook him, so big Jeff dropped into his habitual crouch—thrust out his huge left arm and tucked his chin behind the muscular bulwark of his shoulder.

RYAN stepped back, puzzled, studied Jeffries for a moment, and said:

"Hey, Jim, I've got an idea. You fight Fitzsimmons just like that. Stick your left arm out now and we'll try it. Let's see what Fitz could do to you."

That's how Tommy "invented" the Jeffries crouch. But, whether the much-talked-of position was Ryan's invention or not, Tommy recognized the value of it.

Tommy Ryan was Jeff's best sparring partner. Although only a middleweight, he fought furiously and aggressively every day, and Jim needed fighting experience.

Through seven hard weeks Jeffries slaved at the training. He went without liquids and gradually took off weight until, eight days before the fight, he stepped on the scales and balanced the beam at 196 pounds, stripped. This was his lightest weight since he was fifteen years old. Then, under advice of Delaney, Jeff eased up on the dieting and began to drink a little water and to eat a little less carefully.

There has been a lot of discussion about Jeffries' fighting weight. He weighed 245 pounds in ring togs on his first trip East. He wasn't fat—just hugely muscled. Jeffries was the strongest man I've ever seen, not even excepting Hackenschmidt, Eddie Hart, and Louis Cyr. Arriving for the Fitzsimmons fight, he weighed 249 pounds in light clothes, and he took off more than forty pounds in training.

The day before the fight, having stopped drying out, Jeffries weighed just 204 pounds stripped, and at that weight he fought Fitzsimmons. He never trained down within several pounds of this again. There's no doubt Jeffries was at his best when he met Fitz at Coney Island.

The coming fight hardly entered Jeff's mind as he sat on the porch with the training staff, telling stories and singing songs. But he did think of something that disturbed him a little. The long grind over, Jim's thoughts wandered home to California. He wondered whether his mother were worrying, and whether his father were still hoping Fitz would knock him out.

Out in California, early that evening, Jim's brother John must have caught the stray thought from Allenhurst. Or perhaps John was something of a psychologist. In either case, he slipped quietly away after dinner and drove hastily down to the telegraph office in Los Angeles. Here, biting his pencil and scratching his head over what kind of a helpful message to send Jim, he had a sudden inspiration. Chuckling, John wrote:

James J. Jeffries,
Training Camp,
Allenhurst, N. J.

Best of good luck. We are with you and know you will win.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

THE Los Angeles operator, seeing a message of such importance, called Chicago and demanded a rushed relay through New York to Allenhurst. In an unbelievably short time the Allenhurst operator, still up because he had newspaper copy piled in front of him, got John's message. Half a minute later the operator himself was on a bicycle, rushing out to the Jeffries quarters. As Jim rose from his chair at 9 o'clock, gruffly said "Good night," and turned to go to his room, the operator dashed through the gateway. Delaney got the wire, glanced at it as he'd glanced at fifty others during the day, and called to Jim:

"Wait, Jim. Here's one you'll want to look at."

Jim read the wire, read it again, then folded the paper and put it away carefully in an inside pocket.

"Good night, boys," he called cheerfully. "The new champion needs a night's sleep."

Jim slept nine hours that night without turning over. At six in the morning he was up and out on the lawn, singing the latest coon song.

AFTER breakfast everybody packed up, and fighter and staff took the train for New York. Johnny Pollock rode with Jeffries. Many, many times Johnny has told me how, all the way from Allenhurst to Jersey City, Jim Jeffries, on his way to fight the hard-slugging Fitzsimmons for the championship, sat beside Johnny with hat pulled over his eyes and slept!

The party crossed the Twenty-third Street ferry, ate lunch, saw a vaudeville show, and took the Brighton Elevated for Coney Island.

It was a Fitzsimmons crowd, almost to a man. The betting was three and a half to one, Fitzsimmons favorite.

Lights, noise, excitement, streets packed with a swirling mob. This was twenty years before Volstead, this 9th of June, 1899, and joy was unconfined.

Now for the thrilling championship meeting under the scorching lamps at Coney. Jeff is trained to the last ounce for the big moment of his life—the onset against Fitz, a champion of champions. Crash through to the title with Jeff next week.

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Getting Rid of Bleach

Some time ago I had my hair touched up, and since December last I have been trying to bring it back to its natural color. Do you think bleaching has permanent ill effects? I had my hair cut in the mannish-bob style, thereby cutting off a lot of the bleached hair. I am anxious to have it grow as fast as possible and as abundantly as before.

MISS DeM., Chicago.

There really is no permanent harm done to hair from the use of peroxide. It may make the hair brittle and thus do some temporary damage, but with its discontinuance there is no reason to believe the hair will not come in as luxurious as before. It takes anywhere from six months to a year for hair to recover its natural color after bleaching. With hair so closely clipped, it might take but three or four months. I would advise against forced measures of getting the color back. Frequent shampooing and the usual care advised for the toning up of the scalp, such as daily brushing and scalp massage, are sufficient to bring back both color and growth.

The Back of the Neck

What is the smartest way to have the hair trimmed in the back? I have been wearing it clipped high, but do not think it the most becoming style.

PEARL G., Sioux City, Ia.

The back of the shingled head far more than the front has kept alive the debate about the bobbed head. Ragged neck lines and "shaved" napes have contributed a lot of scenery unpleasant to view. There are tricks about narrowing and lengthening heads by the back finish of the bob. If the neck is short and full, the sharp point lengthens and narrows it. The long, slender neck would not be treated with the sharp point, for obvious reasons. With the majority of women the best rule is to follow the natural line in which the hair grows. The high clip is not good.

Face-Lifting Dangers

Will you please tell me where I can have my face lifted? I am forty-two and a business woman who cannot afford to look old. I understand that with plastic surgery all the lines in the face are removed and cheeks rounded out like a young person's. Do you believe in it?

MRS. T., Connecticut.

Any one deciding to have plastic surgery done must do it at her own risk, so far as this department is concerned. The operation, at best, is too risky of outcome for me to assume any responsibility. There are too many charlatans in the game for it to be recommended haphazard, and with skilled surgeons, even, there is an element of chance that the face will be robbed of expression entirely and be not at all the result one hoped for. Badly done, the face assumes a mask-like look, with a lack of expression that is almost uncanny. Why not go in for treatments that will exercise the muscles of the face and give them firmness?

Sagging Neck Muscles

Please tell me what I can do to help the sagging muscles of my neck, also pouches on each side of my chin. I have a general looseness of neck muscles, which adds ten years to my age. I have no other signs or feelings of age.

MRS. T. J., Memphis, Tenn.

Unless a woman begins at an early age to prepare against that day when neck muscles sag and tell age tales, she is almost bound to find herself in the position of Mrs. T. J.—looking years older than she actually feels. The lines and pouches come prematurely if the head is not held erect. However, improvement may be worked by twice-daily massage, following exercises for the neck, ending with an ice rub to tone the skin. Bending the head forward and back as far as possible, over to the right shoulder and then to the left, constitute the simple movements advised. Patting the flesh firmly along the entire jaw and chin line is helpful. With both massage and patting, work the flesh on an upward trend.

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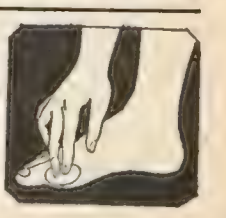

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A SEQUEL To *I Love My Children BUT—They Wear Me Out!*

A Symposium by Mothers and One Lone Man

With Comments by

NORMAN S. HALL

Mabel McElliott Clarke, with her two steady jobs.

MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE wrote about babies in LIBERTY for May 22. The children discussed were her own, and she wrote frankly concerning them —their needs and their demands, as well as the fatigue and utter boredom that possessed her at the end of days when they had "resolved themselves into small furies who make my nerves ache and my body sag with weariness."

Hers was an article that invited comment because, not in the least convinced that babies are winged cherubs sent direct from heaven, she minced no words in saying so. She did not deny mother love, nor did she belittle it; but she did declare that the business of guiding two very small young ladies along the paths they should tread is not the most agreeable of pursuits.

Mrs. Clarke summed up her discourse with the question: "Am I the only woman on earth who, loving her children and striving to give them the best, gets awfully tired, often, of her job?"

Answers were not slow in arriving. Mothers in all sections of the country wrote Mrs. Clarke, through LIBERTY, assuring her she was *not* the only woman who frequently got fed up on the patient mother's role. Not one mother dissented. Without exception, they complimented her on her courage and sympathized with the difficulties she encountered with her bairns.

But was this all? Ah, no. One dissenting voice marred the perfect harmony of this symphony of acclaim—a man's. He wrote:

> Dear Madam: You have surely missed the meaning in life, and need a touch of life and love for yourself and your children. Let me tell you personally that the only thing for you is to take the good old way that leads to light, love, life, and grace —your children with you. They will follow mamma and will prove a chief help—at least, an incentive instead of a discouragement.
>
> I know what I am talking about, because I am a great home-lover. It is so wonderful to see very small children talking with Jesus and taking all their burdens to Him. And what a weight off of mother's heart and back! Wouldn't you give much to see it in your home?
>
> Fight the good fight—the faith fight. Lay hold upon life and the abundance thereof. God's promises are sufficient. He will surely meet you—longs for a chance to save you from yourself and all that can harm you.

The man who wrote that is a Westerner; at least, his letter was mailed from a Pacific Coast city. In sharp contrast to it is one from a mother who lives in a near-by city in the same State. She wrote:

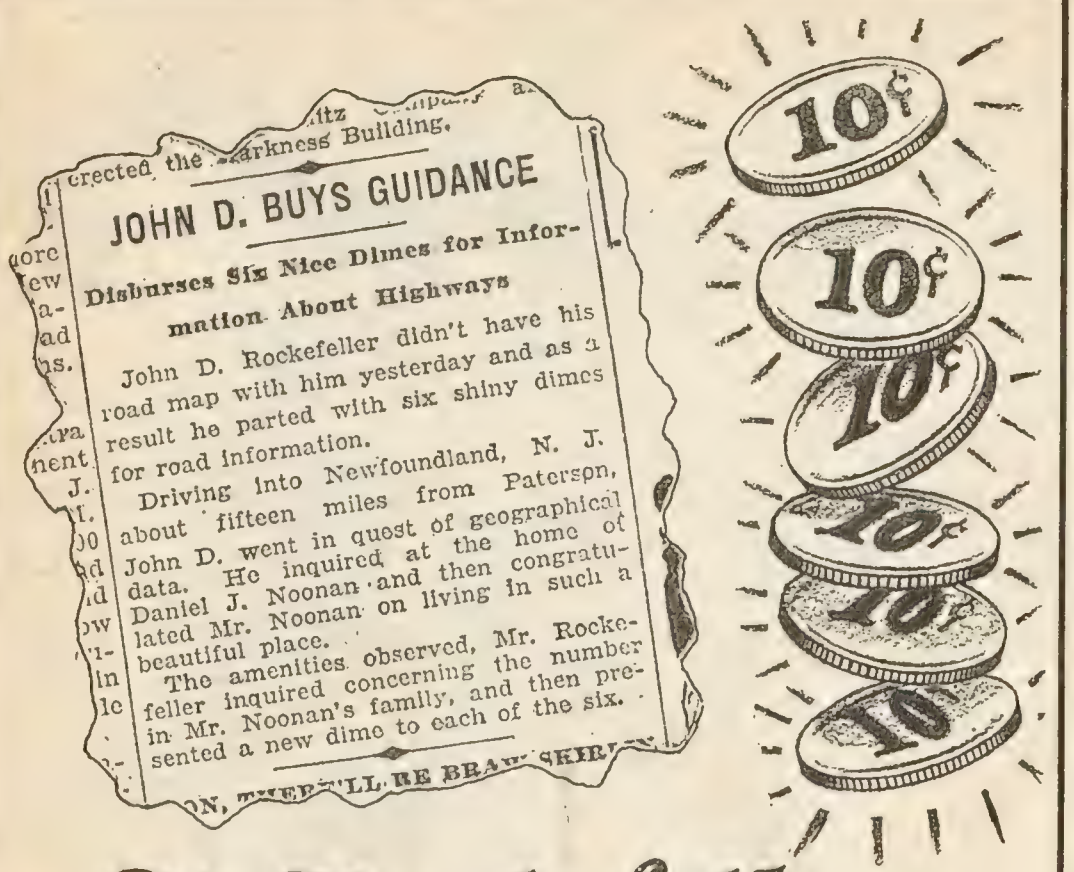
> EDITOR OF LIBERTY: I so fully agree with all Mabel McElliott Clarke says that it seems to bring back to me the days when my babies —"three under three"—were the greatest joys and the worst plagues of my life.
>
> There were moments when I wished they had all been adopted babies, so that I could return them posthaste to the homes whence they came! Particularly in the middle of the night did I long to give them away! I used to be so tired, tired, tired, after the evening meal, that I would crawl into bed and hope for an undisturbed night—which was a very rare thing for both father and mother.
>
> But now that my babies are seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen, I do not grudge those few years that I worked so hard for them, nor the tired nights I had to put up with. They soon pass, and the development into splendid girls and boys is a thing delightful to watch.

Some of the mothers who were moved to comment by Mrs. Clarke's article did not keep a note of bitterness from their letters. Here is one of them:

> MY dear Madam: I have just read your story in LIBERTY, and I am glad someone has the nerve to tell the truth about a mother's job. I have three children, near an age, and I, too, was an office worker.
>
> You have the hardest job on earth, I think. No matter how much one loves children, if one has any brains it is desperately wearing and tiring to be constantly associated with and subject to the constant needs of little children—to say nothing of the hard physical work involved.
>
> There have been volumes of purest bunk written and talked about the glory of being a mother, mostly to beguile women into sticking to a job that would drive the average man insane in a week. Women themselves have delighted in forcing the latest victim's head under the stifling pool of maternal duties.
>
> I sympathize with you and any young woman of brains, education, and knowledge of better ways of life.

Approval of Mrs. Clarke's article came not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

only from mothers with several children. Here is a letter from the young mother of one child, a son:

My dear Mrs. Clarke: I have read with much interest and great sympathy your article on the trials of motherhood. I have never read anything with which I agreed so wholeheartedly. It seemed as though I had written it myself, so precisely have you expressed my sentiments.

I think the people who are horrified when the tiring qualities of children are discussed are of two kinds—those who know this to be true but are too hypocritical to admit it, and those who follow the line of least resistance and are bringing their children up in the easiest way; that is, the old-fashioned way.

I have taught school and was in the business world several years before marriage, and while both, especially the former, have their trials, they are child's play compared to the task of being a conscientious mother.

I have just one child, a boy of four years, and, while I love him devotedly and he is as good and manageable as the average child, when night comes I am so utterly worn out that I haven't the desire to do anything. I have had practically no social life at all since my son's arrival, being too busy by day and too tired to be anything but a bore at night.

In addition to all the trials you have mentioned in reference to the servant problem (I do everything except the laundry), I have a husband who, being a great reader, thinks I should read at least one book a day. He is continually scolding me because I can't find the time. I have always been extremely fond of reading, but I defy anyone to accomplish what I do daily and still have time left for reading. I want you to know that you are not alone in your views.

AND another modern mother writes:

My dear Mrs. Clarke: I want to be one of the first to tell you that your article in LIBERTY found an understanding echo in my heart and, I believe, in the hearts of all modern mothers who are trying to live up to the newer standard of child-raising.

I am twenty-five and the mother of three lively youngsters under six. They are all healthy, normal children, but, oh, so full of pep and animal spirits that when night comes and they are all tucked away I am utterly fagged.

I do all my own work, even to making the children's clothes, and, needless to say, I find little time for outside interests. I feel myself becoming hopelessly dull, but cannot think of any way to prevent it. I, like you, adore my babies and feel that no sacrifice of good times is too great, but I wanted you to know that others get tired out, too.

Of the letters from Southern mothers, the one quoted below is typical:

MY dear Mrs. Clarke: Your article in LIBERTY has appealed to me because it is so very true of the life of a mother that I felt I must let you know you are not the only mother with the ideas you expressed.

My little girls are two, four, and six. My husband, who is a civil engineer, building roads, is seldom home, so I receive little or no help from him. The household duties, the care of three children included, I do unassisted. To say the least, it is very trying at times, and I can't express the weariness that comes over me by five in the afternoon.

Lucia and Constance Clarke.

Your remark on the preparation of spinach drew a laugh from my inmost being, for I cannot count the number of times I have had to prepare it. But it seems to be our lot to toil thus when our children are young. Some day they will be grown. That is our only consolation, I presume.

To close a series of comments of this nature, the letter from a Middle Western mother quoted below is most appropriate. Short as it is, its boastful note serves to remove some of the curse of being a man. This mother wrote:

Dear Mrs. Clarke: I write this to let you know I enjoyed every word of your story in LIBERTY. You surely do not stand alone in your feelings toward your children. I love mine to distraction, but they do tire me out. However, I can go you one better: I have two *boys!*

JUST a word of warning in conclusion. Let all non-parents, particularly the blundering males, take heed and notice that any and all remarks printed here derogatory to children come from *the mothers of those children.*

Don't, if you value the hair on your head, feel encouraged to step over to the lady next door and tell her sympathetically that you realize what terrible pests her children are.

Even if she should come to you and express the firm conviction that her offspring are a nuisance, *don't you agree with her.* Deny it. Swear that you believe the little ones are angels, and that you would like nothing better than to be with them from morning until night. That way lies peace and friendship.

Remember, there are some truths about children that only mothers can tell!

THE END

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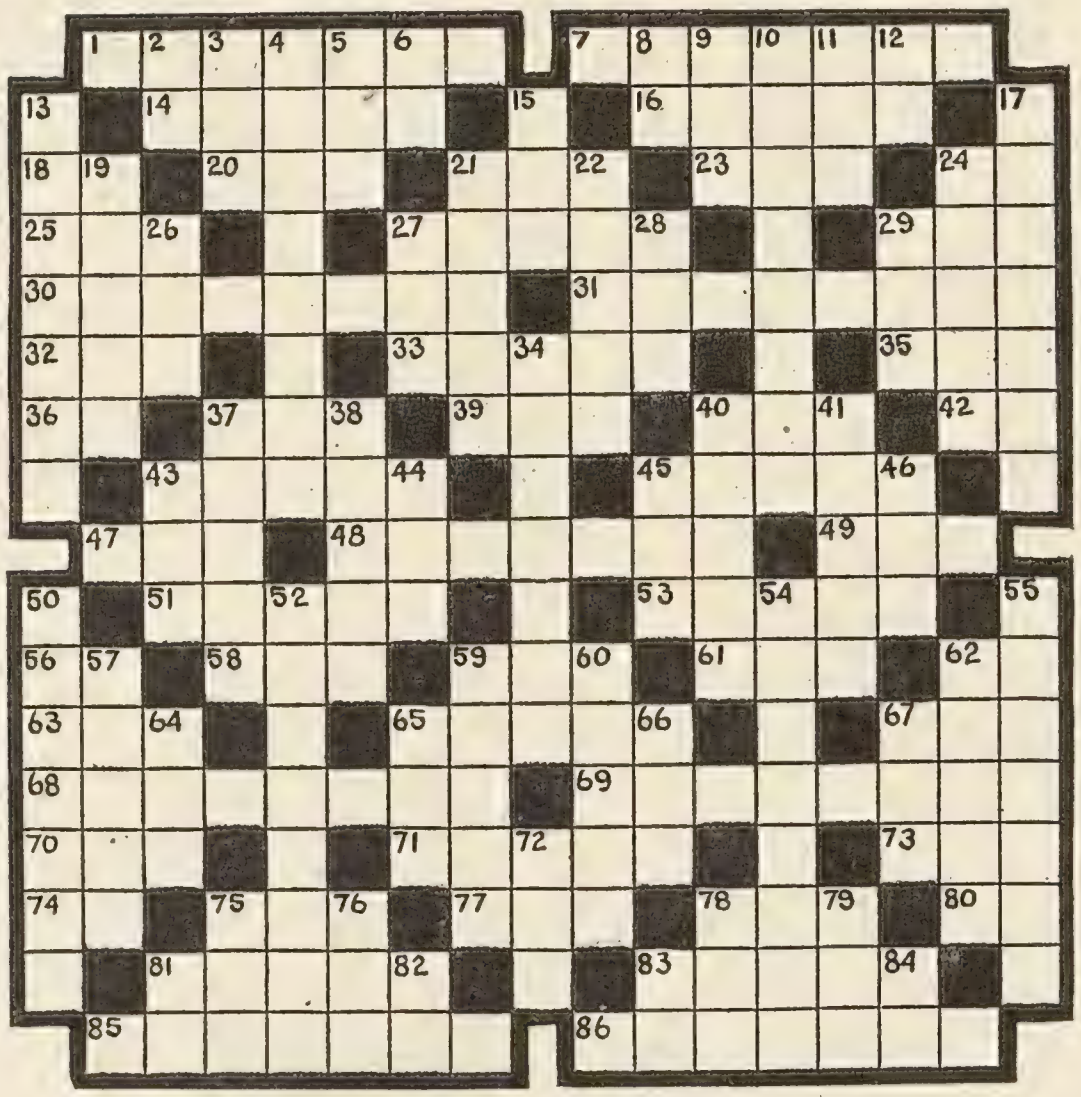
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 81

By JAMES W. WHITE

A YOUNG stenographer of our acquaintance tells us she never could learn spelling in school, and that she lost her first job because her employer dictated "effect" to her and she wrote "affect," making a ridiculous sentence in a letter to a rather meticulous customer. Then the young woman became interested in cross-word puzzles—"And believe me," she says, "you'd have to go some distance to find a word I'd have any trouble spelling now. Why, I even know en and em, and I never saw the inside of a printing shop in my life!" And she has a good position as private secretary to a writer of plays. So, folks, profit by this young lady's experience and start being a fan today—if you aren't one already.

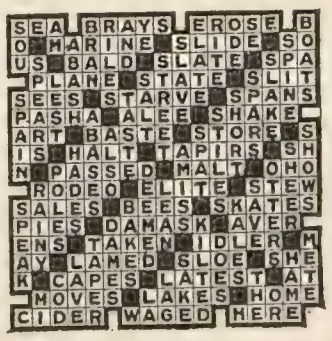


HORIZONTAL

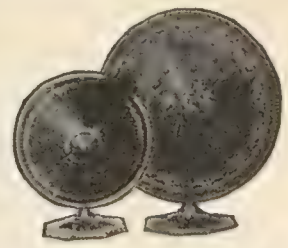
1 Peaceable
7 Company of desert travelers
14 Biblical character (Book of Esther)
16 Initiate
18 A suffix used to form plurals
20 The means by which anything is accomplished
21 An ingredient of sealing wax, varnish, etc.
23 A bond
24 A city of ancient Chaldea
25 Unrefined
27 A central point of activity, interest, etc.
29 A masculine proper name
30 Employs
31 Fanciful
32 Wrong
33 A stairway post
35 Salt
36 A measure of type
37 Lacking in number
39 To cause to be quit of
40 A fowl
42 A pronoun
43 To propel, as a bicycle
45 Walks in any yielding substance
47 A comrade
48 Diminished in size toward an end
49 A peruke
51 Shaped like a cupola
53 A species of palm
56 A syllable denoting hesitation
58 And not
59 Confronted
61 Title of one of the lesser nobility
62 Else
63 A political radical
65 Untanned skins of animals
67 Evening
68 Issued forth from a source
69 One who enjoys legal protection, as for an invention
70 A metal
71 Speedy
73 A conjunction
74 The thing understood
75 A disease of a fowl
77 Turf
78 Any of various small birds
80 That will do!
81 Stunned
83 To shift
85 Potentiality
86 Short daytime sleep (plural)

VERTICAL

2 An exclamation
3 The cry of a crow
4 Fancied
5 A fairy
6 Into
8 Fifth month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
9 To steep or soak
10 Perturbed
11 To strive for superiority
12 One
13 Read (past tense)
15 A membranous pouch
17 Wise answer (plural)
19 A silken fabric
21 Unsuccessful competitor
22 Remedied
24 Given name of a supposedly humble character in David Copperfield
26 To succeed
27 A marsh
28 A syllable applied to a note of the scale
29 A possessive pronoun
34 Given greater breadth
37 A criminal
38 To irrigate
40 The nether world
41 Fresher
43 A cushion
44 Youth
45 That which is woven
46 Yellow ocher
50 One who rejects orthodox opinions
52 To explain in a moral sense
54 An emperor of Rome (14-37 A. D.)
55 Absence of restraint
57 To pardon
59 Mythical king possessed of a golden touch
60 Somewhat less than hot
62 Place in which coke is manufactured (plural)
64 A son of Jacob and Bilhah
65 A pronoun
66 Depressed
67 A letter of the Greek alphabet
72 A sharp, explosive sound
75 Pertinent
76 To confine
78 Definite article
79 An explosive
81 Execute
82 Initials of a Federal district of the United States
83 A note of the diatonic scale
84 The symbol for tantalum



Answer to Puzzle No. 80



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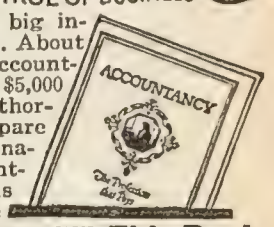

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It's Feminine Psychology that Sets The Paris Styles

By Bettina Bedwell

WHAT is it that makes a Paris style leader? Wherein does the secret of feminine fancy lie? Why is it so many models are called and so few are chosen?

About a hundred thousand persons engaged in dressing the female of the species as a life profession ask this question every season. One hundred times that many women ponder over the same thing when they select their clothes. The rest of the civilized world of women—by far the greatest number—choose their wardrobes merely because they like them. Behind these likes is the secret of a popular style.

Let us consider what it is that influences the majority of women to take some particular cut and style of costume in preference to all of the other season's offerings.

The answer lies in feminine psychology.

Every woman has a mental mirror in which is reflected herself as she would like to look—as she knows she could look in the right clothes. Well, some couturier hidden away in a quiet atelier in Paris gets an idea. Scissors, needles, pins, bolts of cloth, laces, and other knickknacks are commandeered, and after patient hours of draping, pinning and unpinning, cutting, slashing, and sewing, a new model is born.

Madeline Vionnet has changed the cape-coat into the chic cape - dolman here pictured.

Very often this model is created for the one purpose of making some particular client look the way she knows she could look in the right thing. It is always for some woman of the first rank in the social or professional world that such efforts are exerted.

This woman sees the new creation—made for her alone—pronounces it "just too adorable," which means that it equals the image in her cerebral mirror, and wears it—perhaps to Longchamps, a Ritz dinner dance—where about a thousand other women see her.

Discreet inquiries disclose the name of the creator, and in the next few days the couturier is swamped with orders for "repeats." There are changes of color motif, subtle alterations, etc.; but the big idea in line and cut is always retained. So it is that the first ripples of the tidal wave of style are started.

Manufacturers and buyers take copies of the model home to be recopied in lots of many thousands. The model appears in leading shops, and the same feminine reaction takes place among the thousands of women who look at it.

SOMETIMES the idea of a single model will persist, so strong is its appeal, through several seasons. Take as a striking example the cape-coat. Vionnet started this universally popular type of wrap about two seasons ago. She looked at the angular outlines of the straight coat, and decided that something ought to be done about it. Surely no mental mirror could be cloudy enough to be satisfied with imitating a long, narrow box. So she put a short—a very short—cape on the straight coat. It took.

"I came, I saw, I conquered," is the history of this Vionnet frock a la Egyptienne. In rose crepe de Chine, hemstitched.

Our sketch shows a new Vionnet cape, which has already gone into a good many "repeats." It is a cross between the cape and the dolman, for the cape portion is really a cape sleeve, and a different kind of cape sleeve, tucked at the top, converging into a raglan cut, and folded under at the bottom into four unpressed plaits. The material is black crepe marocain.

The fur-trimmed coat shown here is so new that its vogue has not as yet made great ripples on the American side of the Atlantic. It is from Paquin, who bent his distinguished head in conference with some of his most famous feminine clients—Elsie de Wolfe and others—in its creation. And it is a hit in Paris right now, at the apex of the great social season, when the Queen of Spain, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mary Pickford, and a hundred other famous women are honoring Paris with their presence.

It has that subtle, indefinable "something" about it, which means that no woman can look otherwise than charming enveloped in its graceful folds. The original model is developed in black faille, and the fur is that most becoming of all furs—beige fox. This fur forms the round collar and the cut V's at the sides of the hemline in front. The coat is cut out below the fur, giving a tantalizing glimpse of a gown beneath.

THE sleeves are set in raglan fashion—you simply must have your sleeves made this way for the latest mode—and at the elbow they are shirred to give a gracious amplitude to the upper part of the silhouette. Below the elbow they fit, outlining the beautiful curve of the lower arm.

In the back, between the curves of the raglan sleeves, there is a little yoke, and the side seams curve forward to meet the apex of the beige-fox triangle. Keep your eye on this coat; it is one of the coming vogues.

The ideal midsummer dress, for everything from dejeuner to dinner, is shown in our sketch of a printed silk frock from Chanel, who has picked more winning models than any Paris couturier in the last two years. This frock has the kind of simplicity that you see in a rosebud, so easy to look at and so hard to copy.

The coat of the season is this Paquin coat of black silk and beige fox fur.

Made of a blue, black, and white crepe de Chine, the straight bodice is cut with a square neck, a few tucks on the shoulders in front, straight sleeves, and a skirt made of five creped—not plaited—ruffles. The first three are lifted in back to a piquant point, the fourth fills in a gap made by this point, and the fifth is an all-around flounce at the bottom, giving a beautiful frame to shapely silk-stockinged legs. Chanel makes this in every imaginable color combination.

A popular Chanel frock of printed crepe de Chine, with tiered skirt.

The frock in the large sketch shows the ancient Egyptian motif a la Vionnet—one of the big successes of the summer season. The awkward and angular become the svelte and graceful in this magical gown. Of rose crepe de Chine, its sole ornament is rows of hemstitching, which form the curved girdle and yoke.

It is the magic of the Vionnet cut that makes this model inimitable.

Rather long than short, rather loose than fitted, with the single exception of the hipline, this frock is the most copied and envied model in all Paris today.

THE END

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The Gentle Art of Making Jelly

By Ethel Somers

THE jellying factor in fruits (namely, pectin) is found in quantities in apples, particularly in green apples. For this reason apples make an excellent foundation jelly with which to extend the more expensive fruit flavors.

The tender yet molding qualities of jelly depend on the proper balance of the mysterious pectin with tart acids and the proportion of sugar to juice. Sugar makes the jelly tender. Too much sugar makes it too tender to mold.

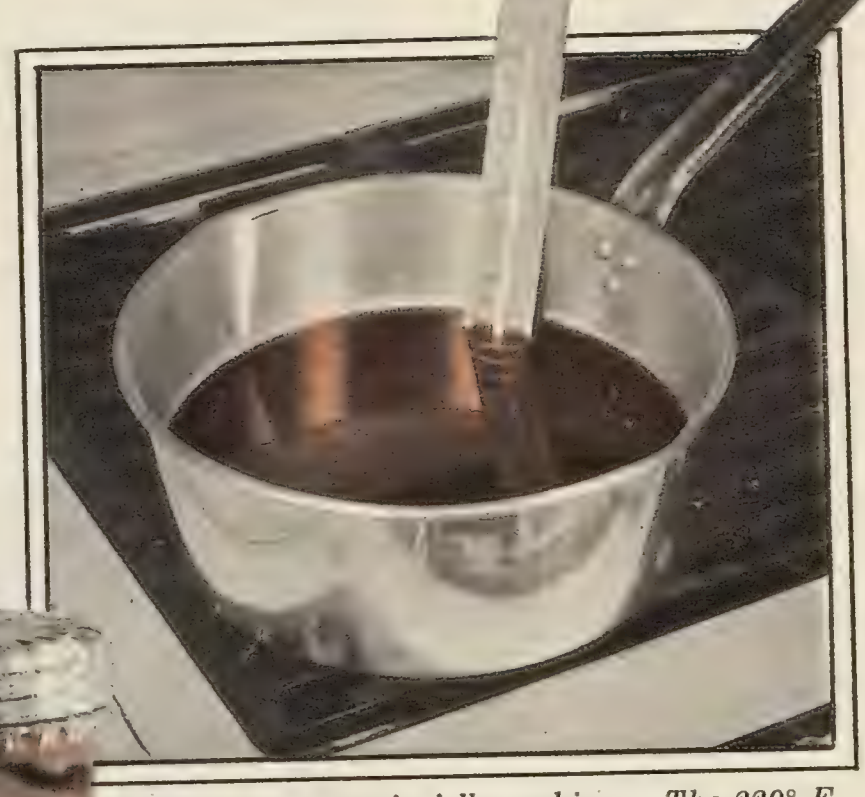
A quick, rapid boiling to the jelly stage is essential in order to retain the natural fruit color, sparkle, and flavor.

Never work with large quantities at a time; two quarts or even less is best. Boil in a saucepan that will hold four or five times the volume of juice being cooked, to permit the use of a high flame to cook the juice to the jelly stage as quickly as possible.

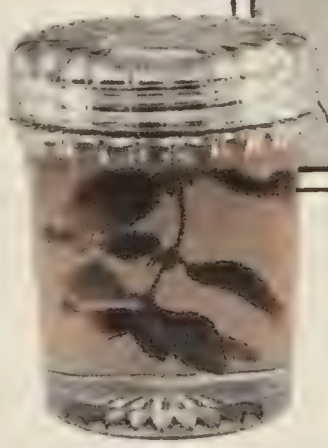
Overcooking, too, works its damaging effects. Overcooked jellies, despite the care with which the juices were drained from the fruit pulp, are cloudy, gummy, and without sparkle. With a thermometer to warn you as the jelly stage nears (218° to 222° F.), make accurate, studied jelly tests, removing the jelly from the fire while each test is being made to prevent the juices from overcooking.

The precise temperature depends on the amount of pectin in the fruit juice and therefore it is wise to make a test glass of jelly from the juice and note the exact temperature. If this test glass is right, the thermometer alone should be used as the guide for the rest of the batch.

Remove jelly from fire while making tests. If two drops form side by side, as at left, the mixture has reached the jelly stage.



Important steps in jelly-making: The 220° F. stage; large saucepan; rapid cooking; small amounts cooked at a time.



A jar of mint jelly enhanced by a real mint spray.

Extraction of the Juice. Pick over the apples carefully, removing the stems, blossom ends, and decayed parts. The skins should be washed thoroughly and left on because of their jellying properties. Cut the apples into quarters, half cover with water, and cook slowly until the fruit is tender.

Turn into a wet jelly bag made of double cheesecloth or cotton flannel, and drain, but do not squeeze, for this gives a cloudy jelly. Let the juices drip several hours or overnight. To make a second extraction, add the original amount of water and recook for thirty minutes over a low flame. Drain and combine the two batches of juice.

Cooking the Jelly. Measure the juice accurately and put into a large saucepan, using not more than two quarts of the juice at a time. Boil rapidly for five minutes, skimming as necessary. Add the measured warmed sugar, using three-fourths cup of sugar to each cup of fruit juice. The sugar should be warmed before adding and slowly stirred into the jelly so as not to stop the boiling process. Cook up the syrup as quickly as possible.

Jelly Stage. When the thermometer nears 218° F., begin testing the jelly. If the spoon is coated with a jelly-like mass and two drops form side by side and sheet off rather than drip off the spoon, it may be said to have reached the jelly stage. Most juices jell at 220° F. Remove the jelly from the fire and further test it by putting a little on a saucer in the icebox. If this cooled sample shows the usual jelly characteristics, pour the hot jelly into clean, hot, sterile glasses. When cool, seal with hot paraffin. Cover and set away in a cool, dark place. The color of the jelly will fade if it is kept in the light.

Variations of Apple-Juice Jellies

Below are given many variations possible with apple juice as a base:

Plain Apple. This is a standard sweet jelly, requiring one cup of apple juice and three-quarters cup of sugar.

Tasty Apple. In this jelly the apple flavor is emphasized. To one cup of apple juice add three-quarters cup of sugar, and one-quarter teaspoon of vanilla as it is turned into the glasses to jell.

Apple-Lemon. To one cup of apple juice and three-quarters cup of sugar add juice of one-quarter lemon and the thinly cut rind when the extracted juice is put to boil.

Apple-Mint. To one cup of apple juice and three-quarters cup of sugar add the mint leaves from one stalk—or more, if a strong mint flavor is desired—to the extracted apple juice when it is put to boil. Color green with fruit coloring or color paste. Remove mint leaves and pour plain into glasses, or pour it over a garnishing mint sprig as pictured.

Apple-Geranium. Add one rose-geranium leaf to each cup of juice when the sugar is added. Discard the leaves before pouring into the glasses. This jelly takes the usual proportions of three-quarters cup of sugar to each cup of apple juice.

Apple-Plum. This combination makes a tart jelly, much like currant, yet cheaper. To each one-half cup of apple juice allow three-quarters cup of sugar and one-half cup of plum juice.

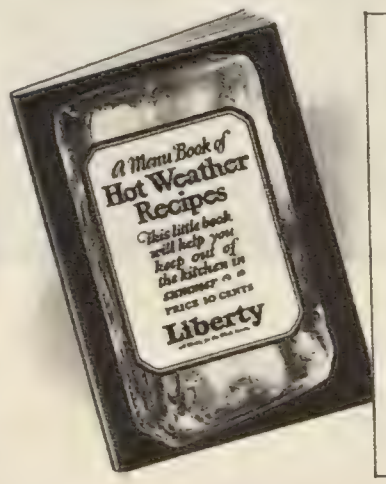
Apple-Gooseberry. To one-half cup of apple juice allow one-half cup of gooseberry juice and three-quarters cup of sugar. While this is a decided gooseberry jelly, it is more economical than that made from all gooseberries.

Apple-Raspberry. For each one-half cup of apple juice allow one-half cup raspberry juice and three-quarters cup of sugar.

Apple-Rhubarb. Cook the washed, cut rhubarb over water and drain. To one-half cup of the rhubarb juice add one-half cup of apple juice and three-quarters cup of sugar.

Apple-Grape. This jelly has a strictly apple flavor, but the grapes give it a rosy color. Add two tablespoons of grape juice to every seven-eighths cup of apple juice and three-quarters cup of sugar.

Grape-Apple. A delicate grape jelly that takes one-half cup grape juice to each half cup of apple juice and three-quarters cup of sugar.



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The AVENGING

A Woman's Letter Is Weapon and Witness in a Mysterious Case

A Short Story by

CHARLES COLLINS

THREE times Professor Calvert, taking his customary lonely stroll at night across the deserted campus toward the Pathology Building, had seen something strange, disturbing, bewildering.

He had seen a tall and stooping figure, a solitary walker like himself, moving ahead of him without sound of heel-taps on the cement pavement. Each time he had had clear vision of this silent noctambulist in silhouette, at a distance, when the figure paused near a roadway lamp to strike a match and apply the bit of flame to a pipe. Each time it had unlocked a private door leading into the bacteriology laboratories and had disappeared within the unlighted building. Calvert had heard the sound of the door closing and had waited to see what window would show a glow of light; but the Pathology Building had remained a rampart of gloom.

The door was one through which Professor Calvert himself had often passed, by night or by day, for it led to the office and personal laboratory of his old colleague and closest friend, Professor Fenton. The tall and stooping figure had been that of Fenton, with his disorderly hat, his flapping, ill-fitting overcoat, and his eternal pipe; with long, lurching stride, ungainly as a camel's, difficult to overtake without running.

But this identification was absurd and incredible. It could not be Fenton. For Fenton was dead. He had died a month ago. He had been handsomely obituaried as one of the devoted experimentalists who are always widening the frontiers of medical science; and he had been properly buried.

Professor Calvert was a materialist, impatient of myths about the soul, religions preaching immortality, and spiritualist phenomena. Fenton himself had been a scoffer at them.

Their friendship had been long; their association had been close; and Fenton had no family with a prior lien upon any possible psychic messages. He had been a bachelor of the type that is called "confirmed," and Calvert had been his only intimate. Calvert had been named in Fenton's will as the executor of his estate.

The raw wind of November, damp with the warning of approaching snow, cut through Calvert's warm ulster as, for the third time, he watched for the light to appear in the dark window of Fenton's old office, hoping that it would not appear; and his hands, within their fleece-lined gloves, were moist with cold sweat.

This thing was getting on his nerves, and he would have to do something about it. But what? Discontinue his nightly walks, perhaps? Or adopt a different route? Either act would be a concession of defeat, of baffled curiosity; perhaps even a symptom of the fear—he sneered a little at the naive thought—of meeting a ghost.

He returned to his home, a house of books and doubts and spiritual emptiness, and took a heavy drink of whisky to drive the chill out of his bones. The next day he searched for and possessed himself of Fenton's key to that door in the Pathology Building. This was a simple matter for the executor of the estate. If he should again see that tall, stooping figure gliding across the campus by night, he too would pass through Fenton's old postern, and find out what experiment was being performed in the unlighted laboratory. There was something stark and defiant in his character. He always accepted a challenge.

FENTON'S death had been the second tragedy in his life in six months. The first was the desertion of the pretty wife, twenty years younger than himself, whom he had idolized. After five years of a marriage that was apparently contented, she had fled in sudden panic back to her parents, announcing to everyone tactless enough to mention the separation that she would never live with him again.

There had been something he insisted upon knowing; and something she refused to tell. Finally she had said:

"If you ask me that again I shall leave you."

"Such a threat," he had answered, "justifies my determination to find out." And he had implacably repeated the question, until she kept her word and ran away.

. . . . . .

Hendricks, of Psychology, an alert, congenial man, whose dark hypnotic eyes under heavy black brows made vivid contrast to a frosted Vandyke beard and a wavy mass of pale gray hair, was chatting with Payson, of the Drama, in a corner of the faculty room. Payson was much younger than Hendricks. In that austere world of scholarship he was rated as a mere boy of thirty, or thereabouts. He had dabbled in newspaper work and play-

GHOST

Pictures by
JOHN A. HAELEN

writing before he returned to his Alma Mater to find the leisure that might help to make him a man of letters. He had a lean, attractive, imaginative face, and the rangy, strong-shouldered frame of an ex-football player. Payson was drawing out the veteran psychologist.

"Have you ever encountered an example of hallucination," Payson asked, "where the subject was convinced of the reality of his vision? Of course, I do not mean cases of delirium."

"Certainly. Quite a number of them. Nerves that have been under a strain play queer tricks. There's a case of it in the university right now—a well known member of the faculty. He came to me with the story a few days ago."

"IF you ask me that again I shall leave you," she said.

PAYSON went into a brooding silence, as if he were ready to change the subject, and then he softly observed:

"Calvert has been looking rather—well, rather haunted lately."

Hendricks pounced upon the remark with professional alertness.

"Was that merely a guess or are you telepathic?"

"I have never felt specially gifted as a mind reader," Payson drawled. "No, it wasn't a guess. I merely have a way of putting things together. You spoke of hallucinations and I mentioned Calvert."

"With nothing else to go on?"

"I'll answer that when you have told me the story."

"Maybe it's your newspaper training," said Hendricks. "Anyway, it was a good guess. Here's the story. In confidence, of course."

Then Hendricks told Payson of the apparition of Professor Fenton that had been seen by Calvert.

"This has happened four times," Hendricks concluded. "The last time, having secured a key to the door, Calvert followed his phantom. He found nothing. The figure had disappeared. There were no signs that Fenton's room had been used since he left it. After visiting Fenton's laboratory, he fumbled his way up the main stairs and listened on every floor."

"What does he think about it?"

"Until the last time, he thought it was someone, unknown to him, who happened to look like Fenton at a distance. But now he is inclined toward the hallucination theory. What do you think?"

Payson went into another of his brooding

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AVENGING GHOST
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

silences, and then he answered: "There is in my mind a reasonable suspicion that Professor Calvert is responsible for the death of his friend, Professor Fenton."

Hendricks was deeply shocked by this exposure of a sensational phase of Payson's character. He had been fond of the young man. No doubt this illustrated the vicious effect of newspaper training.

He would have broken off the talk abruptly and dropped Payson from his list of friends but for his sense of responsibility toward the university. He was a dean, an administrative officer of a great educational institution, and he could not permit such a rumor to go running around loose on the campus.

"We must go into this thoroughly, you and I," he declared. "But not here. This evening, in my rooms. Perhaps you may be able to submit a satisfactory excuse for your hideous accusation. In that case I shall exact a pledge of silence from you, and shall erase the matter from my memory. If not, your resignation from the faculty will be in order."

"I will be there," Payson answered crisply. "I've got to go through with it. It's a sort of debt I owe to Fenton."

"Why, you hardly knew Fenton!"

"Nevertheless, I have a responsibility in this matter. By the way, we ought to have a third faculty man present at our interview."

"No, no. This talk must not spread," Hendricks insisted.

"If I am wrong, granted. But if I happen to be within guessing distance of the truth, then we ought to have a good adviser. I had thought of Thorp, who looks after public relations. He has tact. He's a good man to keep us going straight."

"You're right," Hendricks conceded. "We'll have Thorp."

The conference in Hendricks' room that evening was conducted with almost legal seriousness. Thorp and Hendricks were like judges sitting *in banc;* Payson like a prisoner at the bar who is his own lawyer. At his request the circumstances of Fenton's death were reviewed at length before the suspicion of murder was taken up.

ACCORDING to the information submitted by Payson, Henry Calvert and Gilbert Fenton had been classmates at medical school. Their careers had run almost parallel. Each had manifested a talent for research and teaching rather than for the active practice of their profession; they had been members of the same university faculty for about twenty years.

Calvert, at the age of forty-five, had married a girl many years younger than himself—Vivian Merrill, a post-graduate student. This marriage had been a surprise on the campus. Miss Merrill was attractive and high-spirited. She had been a college belle. Still, she had intellectual tastes; her mind was mature and poised. Some of the younger men on the faculty had courted her. Her marriage to Calvert had been generally explained on the theory that she found herself happy in faculty circles and that the middle-aged and unsocial professor of anatomy happened to be the best established of her admirers.

Professor Fenton, naturally enough, was often at the Calvert home. He was the old bachelor friend of the old benedict. He was a recluse, with no other intimates, but a fascinating personality for those who could get under his shell.

"Are you meaning to insinuate," Thorp broke in, "that there was a love affair between Mrs. Calvert and Fenton?"

"That's cross-examination, but I will answer you," said Payson. "Most emphatically, no. If they had fallen in love with each other, the situation could not have escaped the vigilant eyes of this puritan community. Fenton was a man with no romance in his temperament—a sexless devotee to science. Mrs. Calvert had an old husband. Why should she take an old lover?"

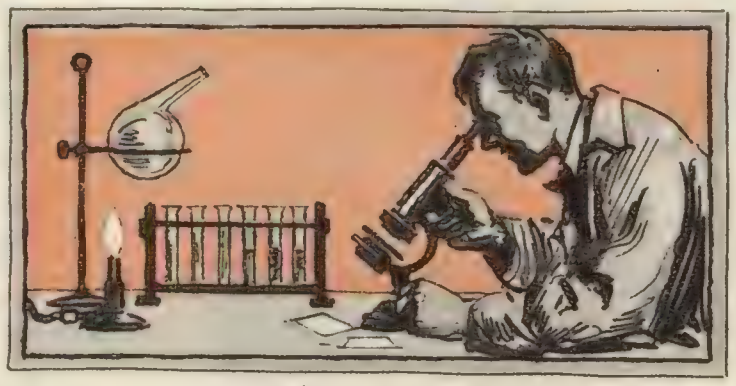
Payson continued his study of Calvert-Fenton backgrounds.

SIX months before, the university had found a choice morsel of gossip in Mrs. Calvert's desertion of her husband. The breach had come suddenly. The cause was generally unknown. There was some talk that Mrs. Calvert had refused to give her husband certain information upon which he had insisted. After the desertion she had announced that she would never return to her husband and hoped, eventually, to get a decent divorce from him. She had been quoted to this effect in the newspapers.

"After Mrs. Calvert left her home," declared Thorp, "the association between Calvert and Fenton was intensified. The two men were thrown more closely together than before. Calvert seemed to lean heavily upon Fenton. Give us a motive to explain why a man should kill the only friend he had in the world."

"In good time I shall try to solve that enigma for you," Payson answered.

"Nearly two months ago Professor Fenton became ill. His disease was quickly diagnosed as typhoid fever. There had been," Payson pointed out, "a mild epidemic of typhoid in the city at that time, and the press had been advising the people to boil their water. The fever had run a typical course; there were no symptoms of complications; and Professor Fenton had died at the end of the third week of his sickness. Professor Calvert took charge of the plans for his funeral.



"Now, then," Payson announced, "I suspect that Calvert infected Fenton with typhoid bacteria, administered in a glass of water or milk. I feel that my evidence justifies the suspicion, but I also know that it is not proof. I cannot establish the fact that Calvert killed Fenton. But if I were a detective, I would work with earnestness along the line I have suggested.

"Fenton's was the only case of typhoid in this region of the city. Our water comes from a pumping station that was apparently untouched by the infection. Here are statistics from the Health Department that will bear me out. That was a water-borne epidemic.

"There was some newspaper talk about infected oysters, but Fenton sickened early in September, when the oyster-eating season had barely begun. Furthermore, he never ate oysters.

"To bring the thing more closely home to Calvert, two test tubes containing cultures of live typhoid bacteria disappeared from Fenton's laboratory about that time. Fenton hunted high and low and couldn't find them. A graduate student who was one of his assistants gave me this information. An affidavit from him can be secured if necessary.

"Calvert was always dropping into Fenton's laboratory to visit with him, or to drag him out to luncheon or dinner. Perhaps he needed companionship; perhaps he was watching Fenton. He could easily have stolen the test tubes from the rack while his old friend never looked up from his microscope to see what was going on."

"This is all the idlest kind of speculation!" Hendricks declared testily. "Prove the existence of a possible motive for criminal action on Calvert's part, if you can."

"I am coming to that," Payson answered easily. "I have here a publication called *The Speculum,* which is the annual edited by the students of Ambrose Paré College of Physicians and Surgeons. This is the edition of 1896, when Fenton and Calvert were seniors. I wish to call your attention to the marked page, where the nicknames of the members of the senior class are mentioned, with jocose comments. Please note the nickname assigned to Fenton. It is a rather odd nickname for a male—Dot."

Hendricks and Thorp glanced at the page.

"I have never heard Fenton called Dot," remarked Hendricks. "He shed it successfully in adult life, apparently."

"He probably didn't like it. Dot is normally a girl's nickname. Doubtless he resented it as being too feminine. But occasionally you will find a male Dot," Payson rambled on, seeming to get off the track of his fixed idea. "There was Dion Boucicault the younger; a London stage director, son of a famous old playwright. He's in my line; you would never have heard of it. He was called Dot all through his life."

"But what, in the name of all that's weird and wonderful, has this got to do with your suspicion of Calvert, and his hallucinations?" Hendricks cried in shrill impatience.

"This conference is running wild," growled Thorp. "Have you anything else to submit, Payson?"

"Yes. One thing more. My conscience, my sense of responsibility toward Fenton, compel me to ask you to read the letter I am about to hand you. Where its contents do not bear on this investigation, I must rely, if not upon your friendship, then upon your sense of honor and discretion. I submit this to you in the spirit with which I would enter the confessional."

That letter, which Hendricks and Thorp read with embarrassment at first, and then with consternation, was without superscription or signature. But its chirography was plainly the hand of Mrs. Henry Calvert, with which they were both familiar.

THORP and Hendricks had decided, after a brief conference, to go along with Payson at least one step farther in his investigation. So assured, Payson announced that they would need Thorp's flat for an evening—any evening when Mrs. Thorp could be sidetracked out to dinner and the theater with friends.

"Why my place?" Thorp asked. "Neither of you men have wives to be detoured."

"Because it happens," Payson replied, "to be next door to Fenton's old place, now untenanted. You are to invite Professor Calvert to join us in a little stag dinner. Offer him some special inducement, such as the opening of a bottle of choice vintage, recently smuggled in. I'll provide the bottle.

"Both of you are to sit tight and be friendly. If you see anything unusual, pretend that you don't see it. For instance, if Calvert has one of his hallucinations, pay no attention to it. Deny its existence. Be casual and follow my lead."

So it came about that Professor Calvert accepted an invitation from Thorp to dine *entre-hommes* and discuss an aged bottle of Pommard.

The windows of that dining-room looked across a narrow court directly into the apartment where Fenton had lived alone, with a Filipino boy to do his housework and bachelor cooking. Fenton's place had been advertised to rent, furnished, but was still vacant. The curtains were drawn down. Each window that could be seen across the court was like a closed eye. They dined by candlelight. Professor Calvert was seated facing the court.

"No need to pull down the shades," Thorp had said (on cue from Payson), as they took their places at the table. "None of my neighbors are prohibition officers."

There had been something he insisted upon knowing; and something she refused to tell.

The talk went on easily enough in normal channels of faculty gossip, occasionally touching upon topics of the day that were worthy of mild intellectual interest. Payson led, giving voluble opinions about some of the new plays that followed modern trends in the American theater. Hendricks, somewhat self-conscious, fell into a detached lecture-room tone of discussion. Thorp held to a discreet line of asking questions. Calvert maintained the gentle glumness of a man of bereavement. He devoted himself assiduously to the Pommard and stared anxiously at the window.

When they had come to the coffee and ci-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE AVENGING GHOST
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

gars, Payson observed musingly: "It's too bad poor old Fenton can't be here. He would have enjoyed the wine. He had a neat taste in vintages. Come to think of it, Thorp, that bottle of Pommard, which you let me contribute to the party, was Fenton's. Don't you remember my buying some of it, Calvert, when you sold off his cellar?"

"Yes, yes, of course," Calvert muttered, scowling at the now empty bottle.

"It is as if we had been having a last glass with a distinguished colleague," Payson continued. "He wasn't much of a hand at sharing his bottles in life, but he can't begrudge us his cherished Pommard now."

He rose and went toward the window.

"Bon voyage, Fenton!" he called out, with a gesture of adieu. "I hope that by this time you have solved the riddle of the universe."

THEN, in one of the windows across the court, a curtain was slowly lifted. A square of light appeared in the blank space of wall that had been Fenton's. It was directly in Professor Calvert's line of vision as he sat at the table.

Calvert rubbed his eyes and looked again. His face became blank with horror.

"Look out the window, across the court, Hendricks!" he babbled. "He is there! Fenton is at home tonight!"

"I see nothing," Hendricks answered, with strained calm. "The window is dark."

"I tell you I can see him sitting in his old library chair! Thorp, Payson, look! Don't you see him?"

"Fenton's place is as black as your hat," Payson said with a laugh. "This is an excellent illustration of the power of suggestion. Make note of it, Hendricks, and tell your psychology class. I shout a good-by to Fenton, and Calvert immediately thinks he sees him in the flesh."

Calvert turned his eyes from one to another.

"But he *is* there!" he stammered, with blue, dry lips. "He will not stay where I put him! He comes out! He wanders about at night! What can I do to keep him away from me? Must I kill him again?"

He seized the empty wine bottle, sprang to the window, and threw up the sash.

"Damn you!" he shouted across the court. "Keep away from my wife!"

The bottle crashed against the wall opposite.

Payson took him by the shoulder and forced him back to his chair.

"Close the window and pull down the shades," he said to Thorp. "We are going to listen to a confession."

Calvert had dropped his head on the table and was whimpering incoherently, but he straightened up and glared at Payson when he heard that ominous word.

"I confess nothing," he snarled defiantly. "Hendricks knows what is the matter with me. Nerves, that's all. They must be soothed. I must have a long rest in a quiet place. That's what Hendricks said when I told him I was seeing Fenton."

He seized the empty wine bottle, sprang to the window, and threw up the sash.

He reached into a pocket and drew out a cigar case. He poured himself a tumbler of water. The cigar case yielded to his trembling fingers a small glass tube, stoppered with scorched cotton.

"Let him alone!" snapped out Thorp, as Payson was about to seize Calvert's hand.

Calvert poured the contents of the tube into his glass of water, and eagerly drank, like a man who has long been parched with thirst.

"In three weeks I shall join Fenton," he stated. "It is lucky I kept the other tube. Now I think I will go home."

"CALVERT'S hallucination," Payson explained to his two friends, "is an old actor, highly expert in the art of disguise. He teaches make-up in a school of acting for an inadequate salary, and so he accepted my offer of an attractive fee for a little masquerading by night under my instructions.

"I'll have him in presently. He had the Fenton figure, to begin with. I supplied him with some of Fenton's clothes. He doesn't know why the commission was given him."

Then he brought out of his pocketbook that letter of Mrs. Calvert's which had shaken Hendricks and Thorp out of their antagonism to his suspicions. He read it aloud.

"I am terribly worried," it ran. "My husband says I have spoken my lover's name in my sleep. It may have happened. My conscience is clear, but all my dreams are of you. He is trying to make me admit infidelity. But, strangely enough, he does not speak of you. His jealousy is directed toward Professor Fenton. He is talking wildly and making threats. I am afraid of him."

Then Payson burned the letter at one of the candles.

"You have probably guessed," he said, "that Fenton and I happened to have the same odd nickname in boyhood. She used it as a pet name for me. It was one of our intimacies. And harmless old Fenton had to take the consequences."

He paused and looked around him while the others stared.

"I told you that I felt responsible," he added.

"If Calvert keeps his promise—" Thorp began.

"If that test tube contained a culture of typhoid bacteria and not pure water—" added Hendricks.

"There will be no aftermath to this affair, and no scandal in the university," Payson concluded ironically. "Let us hope for the best."

Calvert fulfilled his prophecy. Three weeks later he went to join Fenton, and was buried with full academic honors.

Nevertheless, there was an aftermath: Payson promptly married the widow.

THE END

IN LIBERTY next week—read the third installment of War Birds, the uncensored diary of an American aviator in the Great War. This fascinating story of the day-by-day life of a man who fought in the clouds, lived and loved while he could, and finally kept his rendezvous with death, grows in interest with every number. It describes the deeds of real men—not characters in fiction.

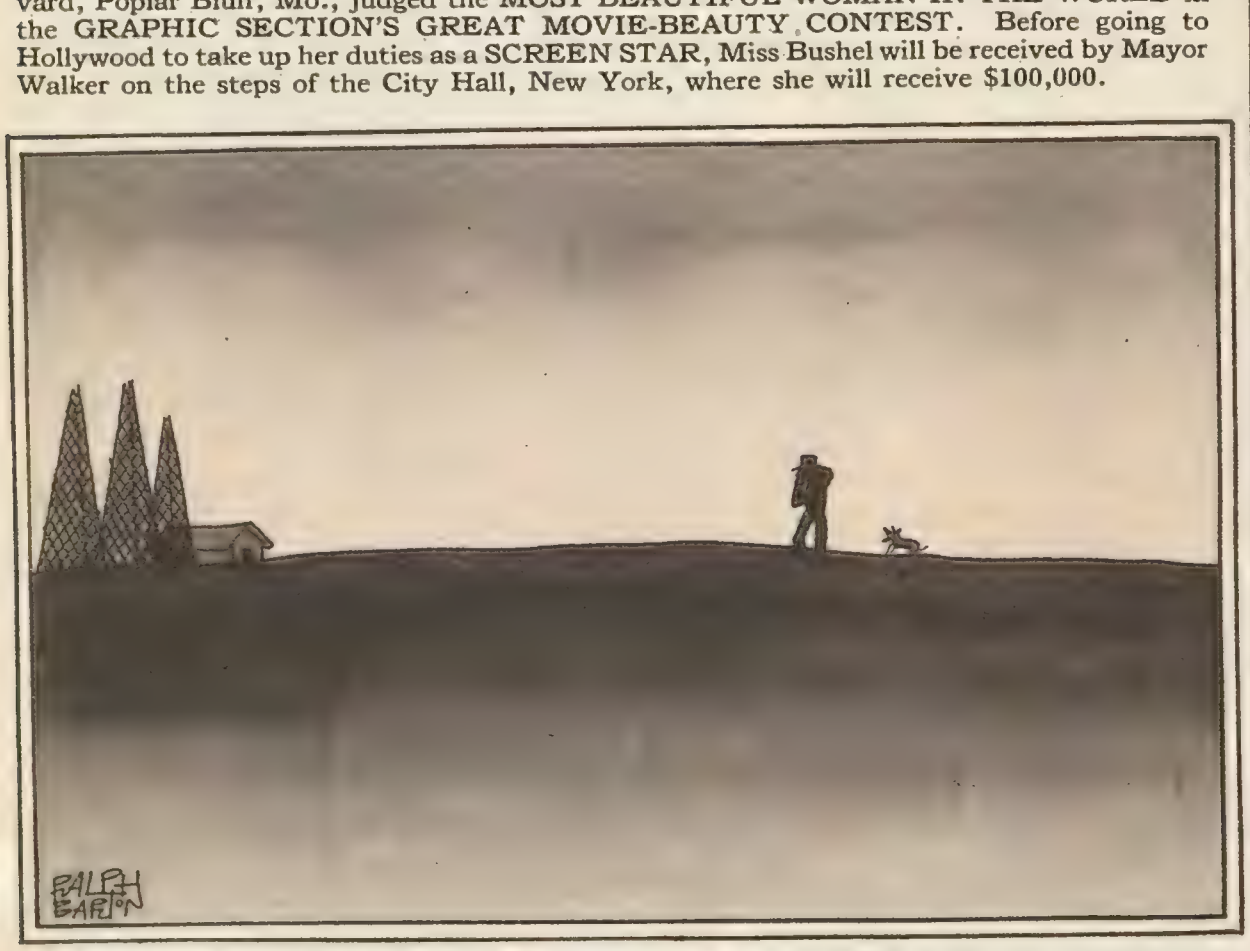
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE WINNER—MISS PANSY MAE BUSHEL, home girl, of 1487 North Grant Boulevard, Poplar Bluff, Mo., judged the MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD in the GRAPHIC SECTION'S GREAT MOVIE-BEAUTY CONTEST. Before going to Hollywood to take up her duties as a SCREEN STAR, Miss Bushel will be received by Mayor Walker on the steps of the City Hall, New York, where she will receive $100,000.

CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATION FOR NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY BUILDINGS in foreign capitals brings out architects' best work. Design by Barko, Laan & Murphin for the Embassy in Paris.



THE LONELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD. Prof. Bailey Willis, of Stanford University, who predicted a terrible earthquake for Los Angeles within the next ten years, takes a walk near that city.

HARMONY IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. Governor Al Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo drawing lots to fix the exact duration of their spontaneous ovations at the 1928 Convention.

Frocks Take On More Frills

By
MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

FRINGE and ruffles and boleros—yes, and even godets—all are good for the coming season, unless present signs fail. We saw velvet approaching while it was a long way off. It is now with us and an important part of the picture. Ribbed silks, such as faille, have by no means run their course, and there are gorgeous brocades, with noticeably small patterns in them. Indeed, the smartest of these have very small designs.

Lace is scheduled for a fresh start in the fall fashions. Of course lace is always ladylike, but how very much pleasanter is the reaction to wear it when it is smart!

Madame Chanel is always ready with new tricks. For instance, she and some of the other designers are cutting the lace in exactly the same lines as the under material, and using the two together as if they were one. That is to say, the material proper will be of a solid color, and the lace will lie on it like a brocade. It will go in at the collar, in at the hem, and with the sleeves at the shoulder, never being allowed a movement of its own apart from the lines that the heavier material takes. Above all, it will never flare or fly.

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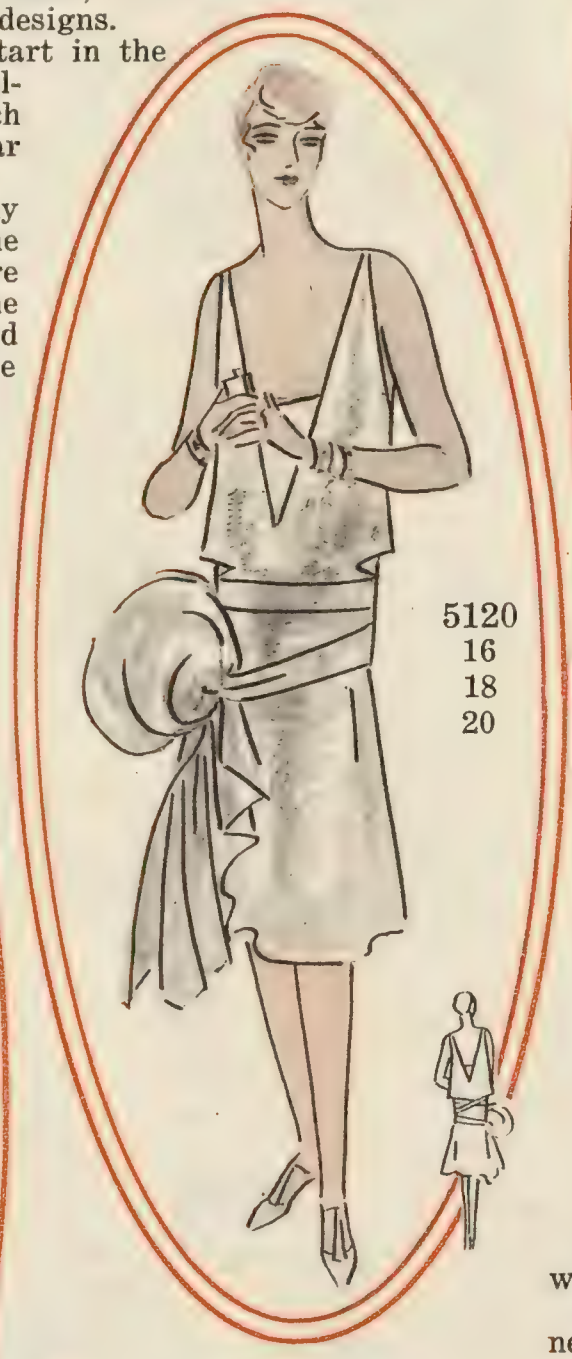
THIS afternoon dress in black satin follows an outline popular with houses catering to the youthful silhouette. A bolero jacket is indicated with silk fringe.



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EVENING dress in silver-toned moire, with a girdle looped at one side. The gown has another higher girdle as well, and the blouse suggests the bolero effect.

Long sleeves and V necks will be appropriate for all who care for them. The houses that cater to youthful effects will play up very frankly the bolero, for evening and for afternoon, as it is here shown, trimmed with fringe. LeLong, Chanel, Lenieff, and Jean Patou all are carrying models done very much in this manner. Take out the sleeves and it could serve as an evening dress.

ONE of the evening models shows a muff-like fantasy just below the waist on the right which unfolds into a graduated ruffle. This goes contrary to high commands that all skirts hang straight. The street dress here illustrated is the most attractive model I have seen for many a long day. The original model, I believe, was in crepe de Chine; but it has been made in light-weight wool effectively. The material buttons over the hips in a tight, crinkled belt line, above which the bodice

5121
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A DRESS of green crepe satin, made with a low blouse effect. It has a gilet and long tight sleeves of pink lace traced with silver embroidery, and a V neck.

5122
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DRESS of black chiffon with fine horizontal tucks down the back and the front over a princess slip of black satin. A red flower ornaments one shoulder.

blouses and the skirt openly flaunts a godet on one side. In black satin, this model is a fine dress for almost any occasion.

The evening dress with its shaggy flower, such as we have been talking about for a long time, follows a popular outline for the fall season. Its fine horizontal tucks, following the easy undulations of the body, are reinforced with trimmings of ruffles and an old-fashioned shirring up the sides. These go to a point just below the tight line of the armhole, in which there is no hint of a sleeve.

If I should pick one ornament above all others this season, it would be the big square scarf—more enveloping than ever, falling sometimes almost to the bottom of the dress.

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Milwaukee Home

(Third Report)

By Arthur A. Tiller

WHEN two months had dragged themselves by in the building of the Richard S. Davis home in Milwaukee, the four members of the building committee went over the figures once more to discover whether the costs were getting out of hand.

Members of the committee are Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Russell Barr Williamson, the architect, and R. A. Devos, construction engineer for Mr. Williamson, who has been on guard from the first to see that the outside limit of cost, $13,500, was not exceeded. The non-voting junior committee, Miss Meredith, three years old, and Richard, Jr., eleven months, had much voice, though little weight, in the discussion.

At the time this conference was held, the Davis home had reached an impressive, albeit deceptive, stage. It appeared more nearly finished than it was, and it was difficult to accept the architect's prediction that two more months would be required to get it ready for moving day.

The Davis home when completed.

All of the outside mason work was complete, with the exception of fitting the stone cap to the chimney and putting on a few finishing touches. The carpenters had started the shingling. The sheet-metal workers had placed the drain gutters. The plumber was well on his way and the heating contractor had begun operations.

Economy had been a vital factor with the Davises from the first. Now that the mason had practically completed his work, the builders sought definite assurance that they had saved money by choosing the type of construction that had gone into their home.

The Milwaukee home has a veneer of old brick, a product that had proved its endurance and worth in an old building just razed. It is considerably cheaper than new brick, and to Mr. Davis more desirable, in that it harmo-

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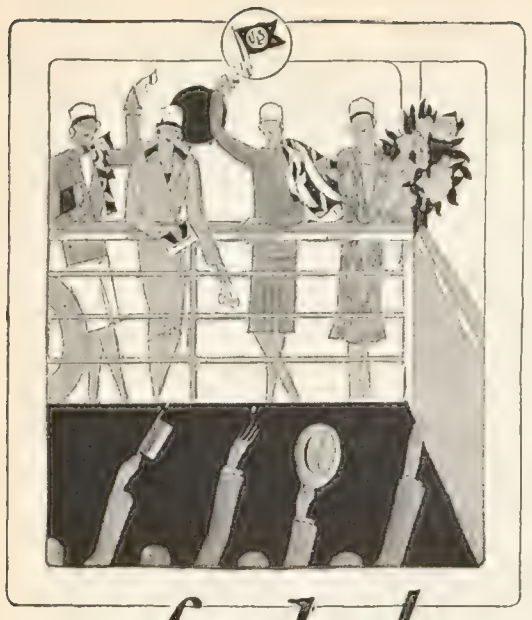

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[OWN YOUR HOME Continued from Page Seventy-one]

nizes more effectively with the old English cottage architecture.

The mason's contract was the first to be discussed in the parley at the halfway point of building. The figure was $2,953, which covered all the cement work and laying of the flagstone walk, in addition to the brick walls.

"Will that be absolutely all of it?" the Davises asked. "No chance for extras of any kind bobbing up at the last minute?"

"No; that's all," was the assurance of the architect.

Pencils were now brought into play to discover how much had been saved by using old brick. It was found that 18,000 bricks had gone into the home. These cost

Rear view of the Davis home, showing the garage.

twelve dollars a thousand, whereas face brick would have cost about thirty-three dollars a thousand. This meant a saving of $378.

THE economy, however, went further. The builders were told that face brick requires greater precision in laying than common brick. The cost of the labor in laying the more expensive bricks would have been roughly $600, whereas the mason-contractor was credited with figuring the laying of the old brick at $414, an additional saving of $186. Stone and concrete work would have been about the same in either case, so the saving in the use of the old brick was put at $564.

The Davises had read so much about the high cost of excavating that, when the plans were drawn, they decided to save at least a fraction of that expense. The steam-shovel operator had already been paid his $487.50 and the building committee faced the question, "How much has been saved by not having a basement under the living-room?"

The calculators of the conference arrived at these results: A saving of $196.70 in excavation costs, and an additional $100.80, which would have been charged for cement flooring.

The builders believe they have lost nothing by not having the additional space in the basement, because they have already determined upon an oil-burner, thereby eliminating the need of space for a coalbin. Mrs. Davis will also appreciate the cleanliness of a basement minus a coalbin when she establishes her laundry therein.

The decision to use oil came after investigation of costs and weighing of the value of convenience. If coal were not used, the fuel would have to be either gas or oil. Whitefish Bay, the suburb in which the Davises are building, has a much higher gas rate than Milwaukee, and this factor scored heavily in the final choice. Oil was the same price, suburb or city, and estimates were that it would prove about 10 per cent cheaper than gas.

Mr. Davis himself selected an oil-burner made in Milwaukee. It is of the nozzle type, uses a low-grade, cheap oil, and is approved by the underwriters. Ignition will be by gas instead of the more expensive electricity, and Mr. Davis is confident that the cost of operation will be no greater than in burning high-grade anthracite. A saving of fifty dollars was also effected by purchasing a 550-gallon oil-storage tank in place of a 1,000-gallon size. The tank, sunk in the garage driveway, may be easily filled from the tank wagon.

AS the Davises are not paying for the oil-burner out of their loan from the building and loan association that is financing the home, the cost is not included in the budget. It is regarded as an extra, an afterthought, and the $625 that it cost comes out of the emergency fund.

Besides establishing her laundry in the space that otherwise would have been utilized for a coalbin, Mrs. Davis expects to have built in, if the basement proves dry enough for the purpose, a small storage-room equipped with wooden racks.

Real saving was discovered in the use of steel casement windows. The old English type of house demands leaded windows and the Davises had made up their minds to have plate glass if their budget could be stretched enough to provide for it. The figures, however,

Front entrance, facing Lake Drive. Ready for tiling.

for wood frames and leaded plate glass were considerably higher than they dared venture. With the steel casement windows, leading would be unnecessary, as the plate glass comes with the frames. There would even be a gain, they thought, in appearance, and, in addition, no warping.

There is obvious economy in the

Living-room with the fireplace at left.

use of stained cedar shingles as compared even with the cheapest sort of tile. The Davises were fortunate in being able to count upon long life for their roofing, and this factor, together with the saving, made them decide upon the use of shingles. The pitch of the roof is so great as to make it likely that the shingles will last from twenty to thirty years, the architect assured them.

The cheapest tile would cost twice as much; imitation tile would be a great deal higher, and the use of fireproof roofing would bring the total beyond the limit. Besides which, heavier roof materials demand heavier and costlier wooden supporting timbers.

So the rat-a-tat of the shinglers' hammers resounds over Whitefish Bay and the shingles, stained a blue gray, are beginning to harmonize beautifully with the old brick and the green foliage of the beloved trees.

WHEN the carpenter has finished his work he will be paid $3,760, a figure that will net him only a reasonable profit, the Davises are assured. A total of $884.37 will be expended for the plumbing contract, a figure that includes the cost of all fixtures, piping, and labor.

After shopping about, the Davises decided to install standardized fixtures. Their slogan of "Economy first, last, and always" was somewhat dented by this business of picking out accessories for the bathroom. However, it was only a matter of forty-four dollars and thirty-seven cents, and the satisfaction, they say, will be well worth the difference. The additional cost lay in the choice of vitreous china rather than enameled iron, together with an appropriation for a tube and sprinkler for the kitchen sink. The bathroom tub purchase also effected quite a saving, it having been decided that a five-foot size would serve as well as one of five-foot six-inch dimensions. The tub will be equipped with shower and curtains.

An additional bathroom could not be squeezed in without causing the budget to bulge. The plans now call for a small toilet in the basement.

The floor and all walls, up to a height of five feet, are to be of tile. Black and white tile will be used for the floor, and white tile with a black cap for the walls. The walls about the tub are to be tiled to the ceiling. The bathroom is

small, as Mrs. Davis wanted it, and she is positive that the tile is not an extravagance.

"If we had chosen colored tile —which is what I would have liked—instead of the plain black and white, that might have been extravagant," she explains.

Getting back to the construction conference, the builders were assured that a definite saving had been effected by the use of a substitute for wood sheathing and its use as a plaster base. As sheathing, the cost was only slightly more than wood would have been and it will prove no more expensive than lath as a plaster base. In the latter use, also, much of the danger of the plaster cracking will be avoided.

In using the material the builders did away with their appropriation for insulation, but obtained that necessity without paying the additional cost. The insulation feature was considered especially important in the Davis home because of the story-and-a-half living-room and the fact that the bedroom over the study has an almost flat roof. In the case of the living-room, the need was especially to conserve heat, while in the bedroom the purpose was primarily to keep out the heat of summer. With the use of this insulating material as a plaster base, the architect assured the builders both objects would be achieved.

There are two of these almost flat portions of roof in the Davis home, one over the bathroom, the other over the bedroom just mentioned. The roofing there will be of a tarred paper felt. The method of laying will be first to mop the rough boarding with hot asphalt, then place a layer of the tarred paper, another mopping with hot asphalt, etc., until three layers of paper felt have been laid and mopped. Instead of sprinkling the exposed surface of this roofing with gravel, the Davises are expecting to leave it as it is, as the gravel has a tendency to wear loose and wash into the drain gutters, clogging them.

At the halfway mark, the heating contract, plastering contract, the interior glass, painting, tile, and sundry others had not been placed. But when the last parley was held Mr. Devos submitted figures on actual contracts, low bids and estimates that gave the builders hope they would not run quite up to their limit. The figures are as follows:

Excavation work	$ 487.50
Mason and concrete work	2,953.00
Carpentry	3,760.00
Plumbing	884.37
Ornamental iron	111.00
Sheet metal	290.00
Electrical wiring	125.00
Windows and glass	400.00
Plaster base and plaster	682.00
Painting	780.00
Tile	784.00
Heating	1,088.00
Linoleum	48.00
Hardware	175.00
Electric fixtures	250.00
Total	$12,817.87

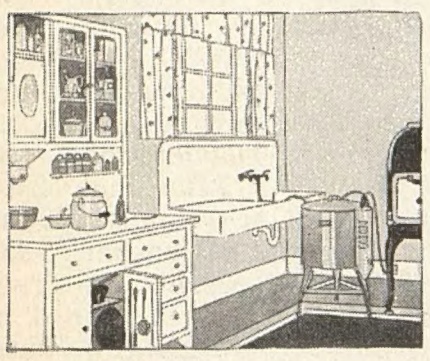
These figures do not include the architect's fee, which has been set at $660, and which brings the total to $13,477.87, or just $22.13 under the limit of $13,500.

"That looks like an awfully small margin to work on," said the Davises, after studying the table. "We'll have to pare it down."

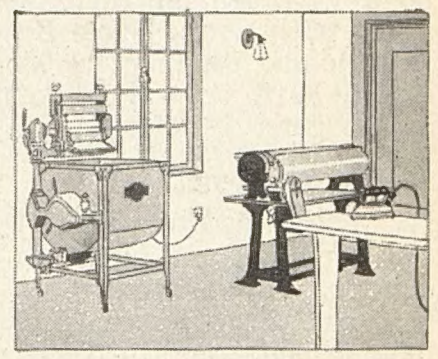
That is what they are trying to do now.

In the next report, which will be the final one on the Milwaukee house, it will be seen how successful they were.

Next week LIBERTY will publish the third report from the Spokane home of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Visk. The week following will bring the fourth and final report on the Bronxville home, and a week later the fourth account of the building operations of the Wards in Kansas City will be published. One month from today another report of progress on the Davis home will appear.



Modeling the Kitchen on Up-to-Date Lines



LIBERTY readers give advice on home-building, alterations, and repairs

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid one another in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed, LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home-Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address LIBERTY Home-Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Range and Ice-Box Problems

EDITOR, Home Page: Every bride acquiring her first kitchen announces: "I want a small kitchen. I want to stand at my sink and reach my stove, cupboards, and work-table without taking a step. That is modern efficiency."

Three years ago, when we bought our present home, a duplex, I realized that the kitchen was a criminal offense. In those years I learned about kitchens from working in them.

I could reach my stove, all right, when standing at my kitchen sink, without moving a step. As I washed dishes the heat from the oven poured forth upon my back.

Our refrigerator, bought for the space provided in our first apartment, was forty inches long, with a depth of twenty-two inches. The niche in the outer hall, over the drain, was only thirty inches long, and shallow. The cost of the refrigerator, $110, had advanced to $118 as a selling price, though it would not bring more than twenty-five dollars as second-hand merchandise. So it remained in the family, parked over a pan, in the outer hall, practically blocking entrance to my kitchen. Each morning, when he swung one hundred pounds of ice over the top, the iceman swore. I could not keep pace with that eternally overflowing pan. Each time the laundress lifted a basket of clothes over the refrigerator, she threatened never to return.

I was unaware, for three years, that the builder had concealed within plastered walls some waste space adjoining the niche. He had done this to provide a "utility cupboard" in the kitchen. It was neither wide enough for an ironing-board nor deep enough for a vacuum cleaner, and it had not a great enough diameter to house a scrub pail.

Upon discovery of this secret space, I called in a plasterer. Down came the wall and the utility cupboard passed out of existence. With the refrigerator at last in its rightful place, over the drain in the outer hall, I had a vision of freedom.

"Stop," I commanded. "Don't replaster that wall. Tear it down too."

That night the great open space was my rear kitchen wall. So it remained for four weeks. I've learned that the time to get such inspirations is in the winter, when carpenters are glad to get indoor work.

A month after this incident a carpenter condescended to take on a small job, and the door and its frame, which exactly fitted the passageway, went into place. I gained 6½ by 4 feet extra kitchen space.

The carpenter reversed the door, so that it now swings into waste territory instead of in front of the refrigerator. He put a frosted window glass in the door panel; thus additional light from the hall is added to that given from two large windows to the south.

We found that there was ample space between the built-in cupboards and the refrigerator for a real utility cupboard—one that will house all the equipment barred from the old one. The door from the old one was used, effecting a saving, as it became a "panel" in its successor.

I now have what might be termed a semimodel kitchen, which has added $100 to the value of the property in the event of selling.

FANCHON CARSON LAUDER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

No Front Door!

EDITOR, Home Page: "It looks pretty and comfortable, but I can see no way of getting into your new home." Thus wrote a relative, on seeing a photograph of our home.

I have never ceased to be thankful for the privacy, comfort, and real saving of labor that has been secured to us by that contradiction in terms—a "front door on the side."

Why cut up the front of a narrow lawn with a path, plaster a set of ugly steps against your front, and lose much space taken up by a useless hall, when all this may be eliminated?

A clever builder planned our house so that, to enter the porch stretched across the front, one has to go through the living-room, which is the full width of the house and directly behind the porch. Back of this room the space is divided into three squares, side by side, the center one, only eight feet, being all the hall we have downstairs to care for. Beside it is a square stoop under the house roof, in which is set our front door—I mean our "side door"—entrance.

The front of our square hall has double French doors into the living-room; the rear a large French door into the dining-room; and the side opposite the house entrance a square platform, two steps up, from which ascends, against the other outer house wall, the stairs. Try building your new home this way!

SARAH E. BAWDEN,
Jamaica, New York.

Get a Reliable Architect

EDITOR, Home Page: Leave all matters in the hands of the architect and do not annoy the contractor. I have found from long experience that this is the best method. In frame buildings the best quality of studs are the cheapest in the end. I find spruce to be the most reliable. Under no conditions have the studs in two lengths, as this weakens the house, causing it to sag, which necessitates the constant repairing of cracked walls and doors getting stuck in either the bottom or top.

Open-hearth flues should have cast-iron throats and regular flue linings. In nailing the siding, care should be taken that all nails are inclined upward; otherwise they will soak the water and rot the siding in a few years. In the planning of a stairway be sure to avoid all winding steps. They are unsatisfactory and dangerous.

T. BRICKLEY O'BRIEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Land of Enchantment

The Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg

The Fourth of a Series of Children's Stories

By ALINE KILMER

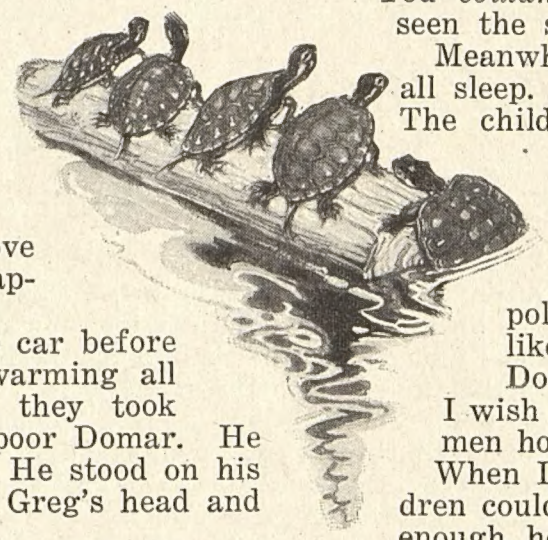
Pictures by ROBERT GRAEF

Domar stood on his hind legs and put a paw on Greg's head and another on Ben's.

THE STORY SO FAR

Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben are three small boys who are on their way to Buttonwood along with Gran, Uncle Bunkle, their mother, and Domar, their police dog. They have all had a hard trip and are now just arriving at the gate.

CHAPTER X



THERE was Buttonwood! Loud whoops from the children announced that they had recognized it. The buttonwood tree in front of the house towered above everything, just as in the snapshot I had shown them.

The boys were out of the car before it had stopped and were swarming all over the place. But first they took the harness and muzzle off poor Domar. He nearly went mad with joy. He stood on his hind legs and put a paw on Greg's head and another on Ben's.

While Gran and I got luncheon the children explored and came running in every now and then to tell what they had found.

"Oh, there's another *little* house with a bedroom upstairs!"

"Yes. That's the old corn crib," I answered.

"There's a woodshed piled full of wood!"

"There's a barn full of hay!"

"There's a sand quarry!"

"There's an orchud!"

"There's a pond, an' I saw five black turtles!"

"Not *five*, Greg!" cried Ben. "I *know* you didn't see five."

"I did, too."

"You *couldn't!* You must have seen the same one five times."

Meanwhile we decided where we would all sleep. One big room had two beds. The children could sleep there. Gran and I took the front bedroom. Uncle Bunkle had the smallest room.

The trunks and boxes came in a truck attended by two polished gentlemen who looked like mounted police. Just then Domar strolled around the corner. I wish you might have seen those two men hop back into their car!

When Domar came we knew the children could not be far away. And, sure enough, here they were!

CHAPTER XI

"OH, we've been down to the river!"

"We found a boat and a boathouse!"

"The boathouse is on a islan'!" cried Greg.

"There's a moat around it and a drawbridge!" cried Nicky, who is fond of reading King Arthur books. "But the drawbridge doesn't lift up. The tide comes up and covers it."

It was clear that we'd have to see these marvels for ourselves. So after lunch we all set out for the river.

The land sloped away from the house to the river. First softly rolling hills, then moors covered with blueberry patches and shad bush, then salt marshes. Then we came to the moat.

A narrow road stretched across the moat and the tide was lapping the outer edges of the road. We must not stay long on the island or we should be trapped!

The whole island was one low hill, its sides covered with shad bush and beach plum. When we had climbed to the top we could see the tiny boathouse below us.

We found the boathouse locked, but the boat lay on the beach out of reach of the tide. It was flat-bottomed and looked as safe as a cradle. A roughly built raft lay near it.

"Now, children," cautioned Gran, "you must *never* go out on that raft."

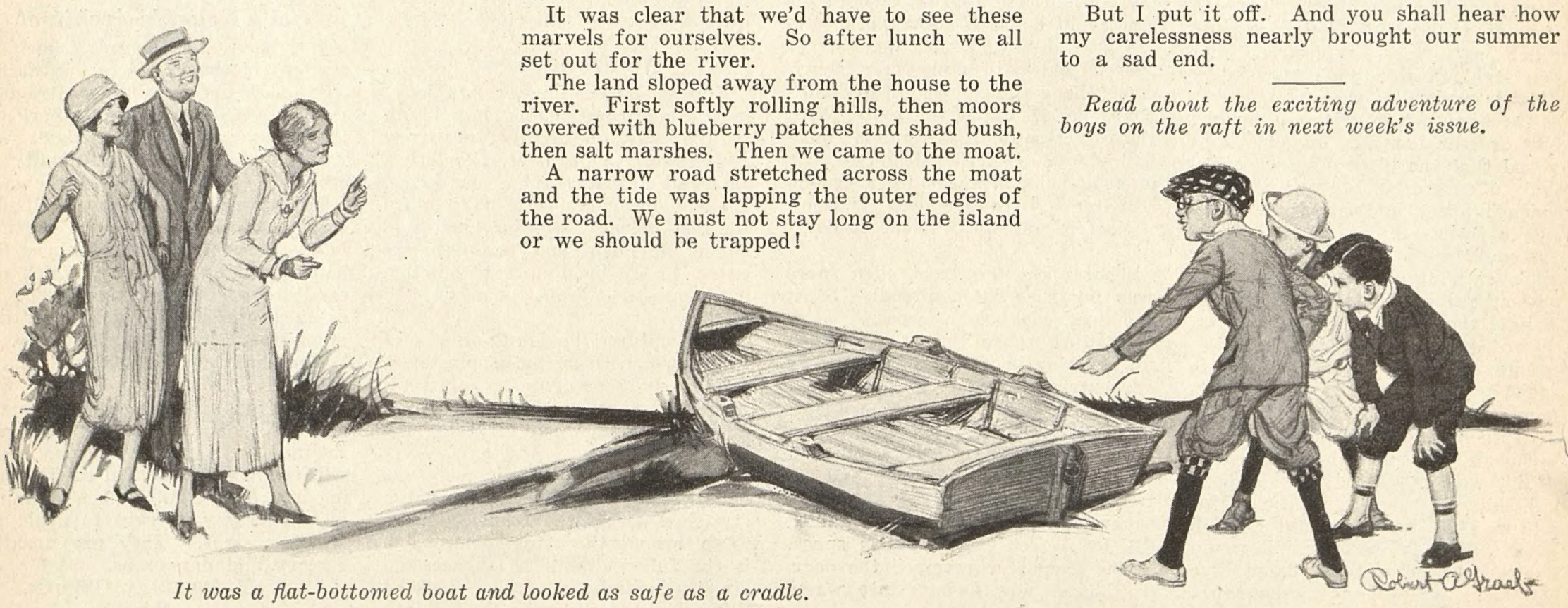
"Oh, no! We won't," they promised, looking at it wistfully. But they forgot this promise.

We crossed the drawbridge barely in time to save our shoes from a wetting, and walked back.

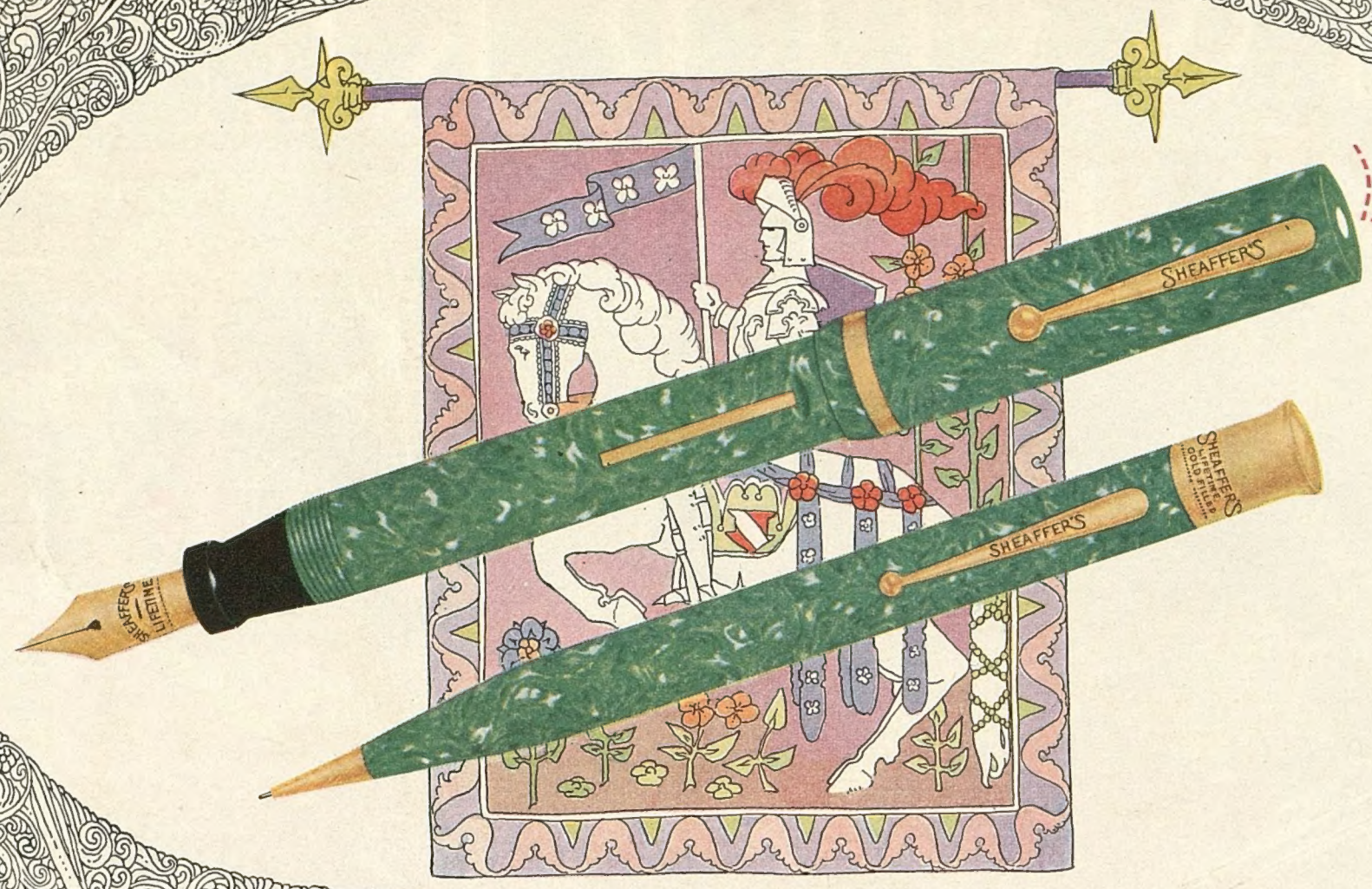
"Did you notice," Uncle Bunkle asked me, "how swift the current is out beyond the Point? You should remember to warn the boys not to go into the river anywhere but at the little beach."

But I put it off. And you shall hear how my carelessness nearly brought our summer to a sad end.

Read about the exciting adventure of the boys on the raft in next week's issue.



It was a flat-bottomed boat and looked as safe as a cradle.



Identify the aristocrat of pens by this white dot

It is the banner pen of a banner year

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